Anti-Semitism and Power Politics—*an Editorial*

THE Nation

December 6, 1952

Roads of the Ex-Communists

BY ELIO VITTORINI

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Letter to America

BY CLAUDE BOURDET

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THE Nation

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Anti-Semitism and Power Politics

THE purge trial of fourteen former leaders of the Czech Communist Party, eleven of whom were Jews, took place in Prague and was conducted by a government which was Czech in name. But the trial might just as well have been held in Moscow under the Czars. As Solomon F. Bloom once pointed out, anti-Semitism under the Czars became "a settled policy of the state, a policy implemented by 'spontaneous' outbursts of suborned mobs." The Soviets are not likely to indulge in anti-Semitism in this open form or permit official anti-Semitism to "get out of bounds"; but the use made of anti-Semitism in the Prague trial as a gambit in power politics shows a cynicism no less than that of czarist foreign policy.

To be sure, the objectives of Zionism and communism have never been compatible. But since the creation of the state of Israel, with Russian help, and its recognition by the entire Soviet bloc, one might have assumed that Zionism would cease to be an inadmissible heresy in the Communist states. The moment it became opportune, however, the Czech regime showed as little compunction about using anti-Semitism as an ingredient of foreign policy as did the Czar's foreign ministers. In this instance, the Kremlin is obviously seeking to curry favor with the governments of the Arab world, where poverty is a close and effective ally of communism. In that context the official anti-Semitism of the Prague purge is of course intended to remove from Arab minds the recollection of the vote which the Soviet bloc cast for partition and the establishment of the Jewish state in 1947.

When this vote was cast, it came as a great surprise to the satellite delegations themselves, as well as to the Jewish world, which remembered the unremitting campaign that had been carried on against Zionism within the Soviet Union for so many years, not to mention the imprisonment of Zionist leaders. But sympathy for the Jews formed no part of Moscow's purpose in backing partition. This decision, like all Soviet decisions in the field of foreign policy, was determined by Russian self-interest as conceived by those who direct Soviet policy. The objective then was to push Great Britain out of the Middle East.

Now a vacuum is developing in that strategic area. Britain is losing its hold in Egypt; Iraq and Syria are bubbling with discontent; and the Soviets are trying to move in. As part of this reorientation of Soviet policy—an announcement, as it were, of Moscow's intentions—the Czech government has been indulging in anti-Semitic slander reminiscent of Hitler and Goebbels. The moral implications of such a policy are evidently of no more concern to the Soviets than the consequences measured in terms of the security and well-being of 3,500,000 Jews still in Eastern Europe.

AGAINST this background it would be absurd to analyze the "substance" of the charges against the defendants in the Prague trials. The guilt or innocence of the accused would be impossible for any outsider to gauge on the basis of the evidence reported abroad. It should be pointed out, however, that there was certainly nothing covert or conspiratorial about the fact that Czechoslovakia supplied arms to the Israelis during the Palestine war. As long as the basic interest of the Soviet bloc was to smash British power in the Middle East, the partition resolution and the Palestine war both served this end. And even so, the Israelis paid in cash for whatever assistance or arms were received. It is also, of course, quite possible that the use of anti-Semitism in the trial may have been intended to divert attention from mistakes of the Czech Communist government or to offer the Czech people a scapegoat. The motivation was doubtless multiple; but however devious or clever, it could not possibly justify the use of anti-Semitism as part of the current struggle for power—either inside the Soviet structure or in its relations with other countries.

The injection of anti-Semitism at Prague merits passing comparison with the manner in which the American Communist Party has sought to exploit anti-Semitism as an issue in the Rosenberg case. The contention has been advanced, for example, that the Jewish judge and prosecutor in this trial leaned over backward so far, in an effort to avoid the appearance of favoritism, that a kind of anti-Semitism in reverse figured as an element in the trial. While "anti-anti-Semitism" may have been a factor in the conviction and sentencing of the Rosenbergs, it should be noted that they had a public trial, that the

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world press was not excluded, and that the case was conducted under established rules of law.

The execution of the Rosenbergs has now been set for the week of January 12. For reasons pointed out by Arthur Garfield Hays in a recent issue (November 8), *The Nation* feels that the sentence of the defendants should be commuted. The Rosenbergs were found guilty of espionage, not treason, and the offense was committed at a time when Russia was our ally in World War II. Even in treason cases the death penalty has been imposed only twice by our civilian courts; it has never been imposed in espionage cases. The Rosenbergs are entitled to mercy as individuals, upon the merits, and not because an exhibition of clemency might help this nation in its global struggle for power with the Soviet Union. But none of these considerations justifies in any way the attempt of the Communist Party to exploit the issue of anti-Semitism in the Rosenberg trial while remaining silent about its use as an instrument of Soviet policy at Prague. For such tactics we have only contempt. The "Great Zionist Conspiracy" unveiled at Prague will not find many takers in this country, unless it be among the more gullible followers of Gerald L. K. Smith.

NOR is the use of anti-Semitism the only revolting feature of the Prague trial. Consider, for example, the petition of Lisa Londonova, wife of the accused Deputy Foreign Minister Arthur London, who asked the "court" to find her husband guilty and in doing so said that she had told their two older children what their father had done and that they in turn had promised her they would remain good Communists all their lives. A regime that would exhibit a petition of this kind as evidence of the "guilt" of a defendant displays a disdain for intelligence and world opinion that is as shocking as the general conduct of the case of which it was a part.

Americans should read the accounts of this trial with care, and having read them, should then reread the testimony of the professional informers and denouncers, the ex-traitors, the self-confessed perjurers and espionage agents who have testified before the various Congressional committees in this country to see if they can find a parallel or any similarity between the two witch hunts. Soviet criminal procedure has never excited our admiration; hence we were neither surprised nor disappointed—although we were dismayed—by the brutal cynicism of the Prague purge. We are disappointed, however, and will not cease to protest, when American Congressional committees reproduce, even in milder form, procedures and pressure techniques that have become an established part of the Soviet sacrifice of individual rights in the struggle for power. Hatred of such procedures could best be exhibited through denunciations, not only of Soviet justice, but of witch hunts wherever they take place.

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The Shape of Things

Totalitarian Suppression in Kenya

In the Kenya highlands some 15,000 European settlers occupy 12,000 square miles in close proximity to over a million Kikuyu tribesmen for whom a mere 2,000 square miles is "reserved." Consciousness of their minority position, together perhaps with some unconscious feeling of guilt, tends to keep European nerves taut, and it is not surprising that the settlers, faced with a situation like the current Mau Mau crime wave, should become panicky and demand extraordinary measures for their protection. Moreover, many of the Kenya whites are retired military men, Tories of the "whiff-of-grape" school. Thus we have Colonel E. S. Grogan, oldest member of the Kenya legislature, urging that "about 100 of the rascals" should be charged with treason and 25 per cent of them hung in front of the others, who should then be sent back to the reserves "to tell the joyful news."

What is surprising is that the British Colonial Office, which acts as trustee for Kenya's African millions, should allow itself to be affected by this panic. In addition to rushing troops to the spot and authorizing the local administration to suspend civil rights, make mass arrests, and employ unlimited force to disperse Kikuyu meetings, it has now sanctioned use of the totalitarian method of collective punishment. District officers have been empowered to make wholesale seizures of cattle—the chief form of native wealth—and to remove entire communities to concentration camps.

Last week Sir Oliver Lyttelton, British Colonial Secretary, admitted in the House of Commons that such methods might turn the whole tribe against the government but insisted that there was no alternative to "ruthlessness." As long as no attempt is made to alleviate the genuine economic grievances of the Kikuyu, other than by appointment of a Royal Commission which may not report for two or three years, this policy appears to us the negation of statesmanship.

The T Is for Taft

Ezra T. Benson—the T is for Taft—may well turn out to be one of the best of President-elect Eisenhower's Cabinet appointments. Those who have known and worked with him over a period of years are impressively agreed that he is intelligent, honest, forthright, deeply religious (a member of the twelve-man governing body of the Church of the Latter-Day Saints, Mr. Benson is the first active Mormon to be appointed to the Cabinet), quiet, sweet-tempered, and considerate. All in all, the reports on Mr. Benson as a person seem almost too good to be true.

On policy questions, he is known to have deep convictions about the social value of the family-size farm. A strong supporter of cooperatives, he served as secretary of the National Council of Farm Cooperatives from 1939 to 1943. Although critical of many New Deal farm policies, he was respected by both the Roosevelt and Truman administrations. President Roosevelt made him an adviser to the Department of Agriculture and to the National Industrial Conference Board. His social philosophy reflects the emphasis on self-help through cooperation which the Mormon church has always stressed. As an administrator he will probably favor placing responsibility for the carrying out of agricultural programs with the land-grant colleges, the extension service, and the state agricultural councils. A very conservative man, he is said to fear "big" unions and "big" business in about equal measure.

The new Secretary of Agriculture has a good background in European affairs: he spent two years in Great Britain on a mission for his church after leaving college, and he was in charge of the Mormons' famine-relief program in Europe in the post-war period. In general, Mr. Benson would seem to represent the best in the social tradition of the Mormon church, which is of course high commendation.

Upset in Venezuela?

Colonel Marco Pérez Jiménez and his associates in the military junta that has ruled Venezuela since the coup d'état in 1948 publicly boasted about the exemplary freedom in which the general elections on November 30 were going to be held. But even when the boasts were uttered the facts denied them. The voting itself was orderly and apparently free from fraud, but the campaign was conducted in an atmosphere of terror. The liberal Acción Democrática, party of the last legitimate government, is outlawed, as is the Communist Party. The conservative opposition parties, the Democratic Republican Union and the Catholic Copei, were not permitted to hold public meetings. According to Antonio Martín Araujo, former Venezuelan ambassador to the United States, nearly four thousand of his fellow-countrymen are today in jails or concentration camps waiting for trials that never take place. Dr. Araujo represented the junta in Washington until last May, when he resigned after a visit to Venezuela made with the purpose of investigating personally the reports of mounting persecution.

Best known of Venezuelan concentration camps is the island of Guasina, a tropical inferno which was used as a detention station for illegal immigrants until a commission of doctors visited it in 1942 and ordered it closed on sanitary grounds. One of the "constructive works" carried out by the junta was the reopening of Guasina as a prison camp for members of the opposition who could no longer be jammed into Venezuelan jails. Doctors, lawyers, newspapermen, students, business men

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form the bulk of the camp's population. But the astonishing fact is that, in spite of the repression, the Nationalist Democratic Union headed by Jovito Villalba, an independent with a long progressive record, is leading the field as this issue goes to press. Obviously its vote has been augmented by supporters of the outlawed opposition parties.

That Separate but Equal Doctrine

On December 9, 10, and 11 the Supreme Court will hear arguments on five cases concerning the constitutionality of segregated public schools. Three of them—from South Carolina, Virginia, and Kansas—were heard by three-judge federal courts which held such schools constitutional. The fourth case comes from the District of Columbia. The fifth—from Delaware—is unique in that the state Supreme Court held that the Fourteenth Amendment's "equal protection" clause required the admission of Negroes to white schools despite a state constitutional provision requiring segregated public schools.

By agreeing to hear arguments on all five cases at the same time the Supreme Court has indicated that it intends to decide them together. The court's action also suggests that it is now prepared to pass directly on the proposition that segregation *per se* is discriminatory, since the issue can hardly be avoided in the Delaware and Kansas cases. The Department of Justice has announced that it will file a brief in the cases in which it will argue that segregation is itself unconstitutional. The brief will doubtless follow the line adopted in the 1949 dining-car segregation case, in which it was argued that the "separate but equal" doctrine is "a constitutional anachronism which no longer deserves a place in our law."

The Bourbons Sound Off

The court's decision in these five cases will have far-reaching effects. South Carolina and Georgia have already passed laws providing for the abolition of the public-school system should segregation be held unconstitutional. In a recent speech, in which he doubtless voiced the sentiments of the bourbon South, Virginia's Attorney General, J. Linsay Almond, said that "no greater catastrophe could befall the public-school system of Virginia" than a decision outlawing segregation. "No power under the sun could compel a legislative body . . . to appropriate funds or levy taxes against the will of an overwhelming majority of a sovereign people. . . . The public-school system would wither and die." Should "subsequent events" strike down the present system of segregation, the South must not fall prey to the "insidious wiles and blandishments of subversive forces which will move among us to arouse and inflame base prejudices into a deplorable conflagration of civil strife." If the Supreme Court rules—as it seems to us it must rule—that segregation is merely another name for discrimination, and if "deplorable conflagrations" then occur, the blame will surely rest with the Southern bourbons who by word and legislative actions have invited disobedience to the mandate of the Supreme Court even before it has been issued.

National Security vs. National Conceit

Dr. Karl T. Compton, in a recent address to the Society of Naval Architects, took a timely poke at the complacent assumption that the important scientific discoveries of the future will be made in this country. We need, he suggested, to keep American accomplishment in science in its true perspective. Every time the public is told that some new gadget, or textile fiber, or medical development is the product of an American laboratory when in fact the basic discovery was made abroad, the illusion of our scientific superiority is dangerously inflated. The outstanding American genius thus far has not been in scientific discovery but in a combination of Yankee ingenuity with mass production and distribution techniques.

Unfortunately this perspective is not reflected in current national-security policies. The Atomic Energy Act, Dr. Compton feels, now cuts American scientists off "from any possibility of exchanging information in the field of nuclear science" even with colleagues in friendly and allied nations, and in some instances has denied them access to information freely available to scientists in other nations. Similarly the McCarran act now prevents many distinguished foreign scientists from attending scientific conferences in this country. "The thing which the United States has preeminently," Dr. Compton concludes, "and which is its greatest asset is the ability quickly and on a large scale to transform valuable new ideas from whatever source into useful products." By shutting out new ideas, from which we stand to benefit to a greater degree than any other nation, we are not only handicapping our country; we are denying the American genius in science. In the name of security we deprive ourselves of access to information and ideas vital to national security in much the same way, as Claude Bourdet points out in this issue, that we reject the facts and accurate intelligence vital to a sound foreign policy. Is the source of the trouble to be found, perhaps, in a national conceit which has been nourished for so long on the myths of the American "free-enterprise system" that it has begun to assume the inflated proportions we find so ludicrous in the Russians?

Coming Next Week

Margaret Sanger, honorary president of the Planned Parenthood Federation of America, recently visited the Far East. In the issue of December 13, *The Nation* will publish an article by Miss Sanger on the serious population problem facing Japan.

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Peace in Korea?

BY GERALD BAILEY

United Nations

IN VIRTUALLY disregarded committees and amid relative calm the delegates debate economic development, definitions of aggression, trust-territory reports, and the like. But the spotlight is on Korea. Can the United Nations—its initial military aims achieved—honorably disengage itself from this war "for the sake of peace"? Can the fighting stop by agreement and the momentous search for a settlement begin?

These questions are still undecided, though the prospect of favorable answers is hardly encouraging. There have been elements of drama if not of tragedy in the proceedings of the Assembly's First Committee in these past weeks: the patient effort of India to win support for a compromise formula, its earnest presentation by Krishna Menon in one of the key speeches in U. N. history, the precipitate critical reaction of the United States delegation, the Anglo-American "split," the uncompromising rejection by the Russians and apparently the Chinese, the restoration, temporarily at least, of Western solidarity, the overwhelming vote for giving priority to the discussion of the Indian plan, and probably, before this is read, its adoption by majority vote of the Assembly.

Russian and also Chinese rejection of the Indian proposals seems to have been foreordained. The plan was skilfully conceived and eloquently presented. It recognized the formidable legal strength of the Communist case for the unconditional repatriation of all prisoners; it established respect for the Geneva Convention as the necessary norm for the handling of this problem. But since it sought the consent of a United Nations committed in the main to oppose "forcible repatriation," it recognized no less the right of the individual prisoner to choose ultimately and freely not to go home. Though I must add—and this might have been expected to encourage the Communists—it assumed that under the procedures proposed the number of prisoners ultimately refusing to be repatriated would be small.

Even allowing for the uncertainties of the American political situation and the vagaries of the United States military command, it can be said that, given any flexibility in the Communist attitude, this Indian plan would have won general assent and have produced, as it could still produce, an end to the fighting. In this as in other fields the rigidity of the Communists' position restricts negotiation severely if not absolutely. It may well be true that they want to end this war, but there has been no sign yet that they will consent to end it on anything but their own strictly interpreted terms. Those terms may be reasonable or unreasonable, but, so far at any rate, they do not appear open to amendment.

Would they become open to amendment if the Russian resolution for an immediate cease-fire on the basis of the armistice terms already agreed on were to be accepted? The proposal to stop the killing forthwith has obvious justification and certainly has strong—some would say imperative—appeal for us as Friends. And no one should underrate the moral and psychological effects of an immediate truce. It might sensibly change if it did not completely transform the whole situation. But can a United Nations, and especially a United States, deeply skeptical of Communist "good faith" be expected to take the risks involved? If there were an immediate cease-fire and the eleven-power commission envisaged by the Russians were assembled, would the Communists on that commission move even one step, along the lines of the Indian plan, to meet Western and U. N. views on prisoner repatriation? And if they did not, could or should the U. N. abandon its stand on the issue?

Each must judge for himself the validity of these questions and indulge his own speculation as to the answers. As regards the next stage in the United Nations, the best hope is that the Indian plan—not so much amended as to remove all its flexibility—will be adopted by the Assembly and utilized for further efforts to reach a negotiated agreement. The event may show that no armistice is at present negotiable—or negotiable at any time in isolation from the wider issues of a general political settlement in the Far East. But in any case the conscientious search for a way out of this deadlock will not have been in vain, and the cause of patient conciliation, which is the preeminent purpose of the United Nations, will remain deeply indebted to Indian vision and Indian statesmanship.

GERALD BAILEY is secretary of the East-West Relations Group of the British Society of Friends, and in 1951 visited Russia with a British Quaker mission, which he described in The Nation *of August 25 of that year. As a member of the Quaker team attending the present General Assembly he has had exceptional opportunities to consult with delegates from East as well as West.*

Next week Mr. del Vayo will resume his regular comment on the Assembly, analyzing the vote on the Indian plan for an armistice in Korea.

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Letter to America

BY CLAUDE BOURDET

Paris

THIS letter is not addressed to my friends in America, liberals who think and feel as I do, who are not blinded by a fear turned aggressive, who do not believe in fighting hatred with hatred, and who have not forgotten Roosevelt and his powerful optimism. I am writing to "official" America, which tomorrow, under the leadership of General Eisenhower, will follow and reaffirm the foreign policy of President Truman.

Yet it is with little hope that I address that "official" America, and not only because I am aware of the limited influence of a journalist like myself—the history of nations is made by an enormous number of small gestures, and perhaps this one, added to many others, could help to bring a change. It is rather that I do not know exactly how to talk to you, how to reach you—Congressmen, Cabinet members, administrators—through the great wall of panic and suspicion which you yourselves have constructed. It is easier for me to address the Communist leaders. I do not care when they answer me with insults, with cold silence, or with designing compliments. I know that these reactions are but masks donned by excellent actors for the benefit of the spectators, and that behind them cold, cerebral machines dispassionately evaluate my own views and the popular opinions I reflect. Some day, perhaps tomorrow, perhaps later, one of their decisions may be affected by the articles I have written.

Will anyone in America take note of my remarks? Will your governmental agencies make any use of them? Nothing, really, should be overlooked, not one fact, however insignificant it may seem; therein lies the key to good strategy. But it is not your neglect that I deplore; it is your fear.

That you have a total misconception of world communism and obstinately pursue a course which strengthens rather than weakens it is not due to stupidity. Your policies stem from a sort of terror of actions and individuals that you feel can be inspired only by the devil; you dare not analyze them scientifically for fear of a mysterious contagion. In some Americans this feeling is sincere —it is native to the Middle Western small-town middle class. In others it is an affectation: conformists feign horror to avoid being accused of leftist leanings.

Today, however, your hatred of the Communists, those stereotyped demons, is almost surpassed by your hatred of us who do not want to join either the Russian or the American camp—avowed "neutralists" and others who are hostile to the inevitable regimentation of a crusade. Wolves in sheep's clothing, unconscious bait, mealy-mouthed fanatics, shrewd mercenaries, naive fools—we are all those things and worse, and good Americans are beginning to avoid us. Europeans have been hated for so many different reasons in the last fifteen years that your hostility, taken by itself, would not worry us, even if we should suffer physical consequences from it in the future. But in your interest as well as in ours we regret to see it obscure one of your most honest and worthy traits—your love of plain facts.

We are the only ones who still talk to you without insult or flattery. Damn us if you wish, but *please* hear us out!

You have closed your ears to every expression of opinion from Communists or leftists, forgetting apparently that it is possible to judge impassioned or erroneous utterances objectively. You have also refused to listen to anything said by those who, though non-Communist, criticize and attack you. You have thus created a comfortable unreal universe for yourselves, one half completely white, the other completely black. The only criticism you welcome is that which respects and reinforces the basis of your social order and your opinion of yourselves. When, for example, Daniel Guérin, an anti-Stalinist writer who truly loves your country and believes in its future, describes your greatness and denounces your faults, you refuse to admit him to the United States, where his family is living.

This situation becomes worse every day because, thanks to the billions that you spend here, you have thousands of hirelings to tell you the things that are pleasing to you. And as you drag our countries along in your wake, they develop the same natural or feigned fanaticism that is dominant in your country, so that it is becoming increasingly difficult to find a means of making the truth known. Soon you will be like the ancient princes who sank to their ruin because their followers did not dare serve them truly for fear of displeasing them.

Before it is too late, I intend to try once more to break up this conspiracy. I may only succeed in becoming even more suspect to you than before, but the end is so important that the attempt is worth making. My liberty, my life, and the lives of many people dear to me are at stake.

You are unhappy and worried over not being "liked" by those whom you help. You complain of the ingratitude of Europeans, especially the French. Encouraged by the sycophants that you maintain here, you attribute this

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CLAUDE BOURDET, an independent left journalist, is the editor of l'Observateur *of Paris.*

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ugly mood of ours to our wicked character. I do not know whether General Eisenhower really said that 50 per cent of Frenchmen are atheistic and decadent, but many Americans are of that opinion. You would hold that it is confirmed by the results of the recent poll taken by the French Institute of Public Opinion—your friends tried to smother it—which showed that from 60 to 70 per cent of the French are neutralist, at any rate in feeling. You must know how difficult it would be to transform these neutralists into fervent soldiers of the Atlantic Pact.

DO YOU think you will have better luck with Germany? With almost no Communists there it must seem strange to you that more than half the population—almost all the young people and workers—do not want the arms you offer them. You will undoubtedly overlook this humiliating ingratitude. You will return this population to its old leaders, who, at least, will be delighted to accept your arms. And what will they do with them? You sometimes wonder yourselves; you are not too sure of their loyalty as allies.

You know you can rely on Great Britain, which profits more and risks less than the Continent by being your ally. But even so you can no longer ignore the mounting criticism, the muffled voices of disillusionment, in England. Do you find comfort in the fidelity of Franco's Spain and of the Japan whose "monopolies" were recreated by MacArthur? I hope your intelligence agencies have reported the internal frailty of these outposts of liberty, their unreliability in the event of war.

Europe does not believe in your promises. It trembles at your every move. Asia and Africa do not trust you, for you have allied yourselves with their exploiters. Is this all your wealth and generosity have done for you?

Undoubtedly, you can go on in the same way. As you become stronger and stronger, you will receive ever more adulation from the governments that you maintain and from the moneyed press—your money or just "money." At the same time the United States will be increasingly separated from the people of Europe. Your intransigence and isolation will split the world more irreparably into two armed camps. Some day we shall all pay the penalty together. Then perhaps you will believe that friends are worth more than flatterers.

Look back a little way. Not so long ago the whole world, East and West, loved you. Because the solidarity and spirit of sacrifice that animated all your actions during and right after the war obscured the egoism natural to a large nation, we were inclined to see nothing but generosity in all your acts. And the real generosity of the American people in permitting the Marshall Plan also blurred, in Europe as in America, some aspects of that plan. You were helped even more by the anger and fear engendered by the capitulation of Eastern Europe to Stalinism. But as your generosity turned into political scheming, as you were compelled, in order to maintain your policies' momentum, to emphasize the threat of war—that is, our complete destruction—our gratitude turned into dismay and resentment. And resentment fills the hearts of most Frenchmen when they look at your policy in Germany. It resounds throughout Europe every time you ruin the chances for peace in Korea.

You have carried things to such an extreme that it would no longer be realistic to propose that you go back to Marshall's original plan—or even better, to Roosevelt's policies. Yesterday your idealism was supported by your dollars. Today, whether by some initial error or by a fatal progression, your dollars have become the essential ingredient of your foreign policy.

Because with your dollars and your arms you are stifling the very soul of the peoples who were once your friends, I ask you, simply, to leave us alone; it would be better. Leave us alone, for your own sake as well as ours. Are you not struck by the fact that the only countries really capable of defending themselves against aggression are Sweden and Switzerland, which are independent of you and materially neutral, and to a lesser degree Yugoslavia, which is willing to accept your aid but will have nothing to do with your pacts?

Leave us alone; we know that you must maintain your power, and that the Soviet Union will thus be kept in check as it was before the Atlantic Pact.

Leave us alone so that we can get rid of a press that is not your friend but only your mouthpiece, and of governments that detest you for all their servility. What you need most of all is to know the truth about Europe.

You want us to be strong: leave us alone so that we can wind up the war in Indo-China and build an army again. You want us to be as united as possible: leave us alone so that the "dollar" governments will disappear, governments which are inevitably reactionary, which oppress the worker for the benefit of the speculator. You want to avoid uprisings of colonial peoples: leave us alone so that we can have moderate governments which will solve Africa's problems according to the will of its people and of all liberal and democratic Frenchmen.

Be yourselves, with your splendid qualities and your immense faults, a people as extreme in everything as is your Soviet enemy; be yourself—but at home. It is the only way you will find friends among us again and, if it should be necessary, allies.

You have just changed Presidents and governments. What their predecessors refused to recognize, the newcomers will not see unless goaded to it by the irritation of the American people, surprised that their money should have lost them so many friends. Will not some American statesman admit that this irritation among your people and the growing hostility of Europeans are the signs of a grave mistake, a mistake which must be set right as soon as possible?

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Inner Asia: Sino-Soviet Bridge

BY OWEN LATTIMORE

A CHARACTERISTIC feature of the political life of Communist countries and their satellites is the lively traffic in visiting party leaders and cultural missions. Until quite recently, however, there was a striking lack of such exchanges between China and Outer Mongolia (the Mongolian People's Republic). It was Chiang Kai-shek, not the Chinese Communists, who in 1945 recognized Outer Mongolia's independence of China—an independence that had existed in fact since the last Chinese war-lord army was driven out in 1920-21. After the Communists brought the whole of mainland China under their control in 1950, their diplomatic relations with Outer Mongolia remained lethargic.

But in the last two months a great stirring of activity has been noted. Tsedenbal, the new Mongol Premier, went to Moscow to join the Chinese-Russian discussions in August and September. On his way back from the conference Chou En-lai, the Chinese Premier, stopped at Ulan Batur, capital of Outer Mongolia. Soon afterward Tsedenbal went to Peking, accompanied by other high officials, and this visit was followed by the announcement of the dispatch of a large Chinese cultural mission to Mongolia and of a ten-year pact of cooperation between Mongolia and China.

Good reasons exist both for the slow development of relations between Chinese and Mongol Communists and for the present acceleration. Mongol nationalism confronts Chinese and Russian Marxists with problems that are unusual in their doctrinal aspects and not easy to handle administratively or politically.

In the first place, there is the continuing division between Outer and Inner Mongolia. Outer Mongolia is a satellite state. It was as much a satellite of czarist Russia from 1911 to 1918 as it has been a Soviet satellite since the Russian Revolution. But while it functions as a satellite it is in form and structure a sovereign state. Inner Mongolia is not sovereign even on paper. For a long time it was divided into a number of segments, each attached to a Chinese province. Under the Chinese Communists a "pro-Mongol" policy has been initiated of detaching Mongol areas from Chinese provinces and putting them together again in an "autonomous" Mongol region. The process is not, however, and never can be complete. Chinese colonization of Inner Mongolia has gone so far that it is now impossible to draw the frontiers of an Inner Mongolian area large enough to have an economic base of its own without including Chinese colonists to a number probably exceeding that of the Mongols.

In the second place, the juxtaposition of Outer and Inner Mongolia inevitably suggests a "pan-Mongol" movement to unite in a "Greater Mongolia" all areas contiguous to each other that are still inhabited by Mongols. This could be done "ambitiously" by including Buryat Mongolia—a part of the Soviet Union—and outlying Mongol areas in Sinkiang Province, and perhaps even by demanding the withdrawal of Chinese colonists from some of the marginal settled areas of Inner Mongolia. Or it could be done "conservatively" by abandoning outlying Mongols and uniting simply those parts of Outer and Inner Mongolia that are still unmistakably Mongol in population, language, and other cultural characteristics, and pastoral rather than agricultural in economy.

Pan-Mongolism, however, is not so simple as it has been made to sound by some of its advocates. The interests of China and Russia are involved. The interests of these two countries, as countries, are not necessarily identical even though their rulers profess the same ideology; and even if the rulers agree that the interests are identical they may not, because their countries are in different stages of development, find it easy to agree on the rate of speed at which a policy accepted by both should be implemented.

There is also the fact that pan-Mongol sentiment has never been as strong in Outer as in Inner Mongolia. Because Inner Mongolian nationalists have for half a century—since long before the influence of Marxist ideas, that is—looked toward Outer Mongolia as holding the stronger position, it has always been they rather than the Outer Mongolian nationalists who have wanted to join the two areas. While the idea has always had supporters in Outer Mongolia, it has also had opponents, whose traditional argument is that the Mongols of Inner Mongolia, because of their long contact with the Chinese, are not homogeneous enough with the people of Outer Mongolia. There is support for this argument in the circumstance that some of the most fiery leaders of Inner Mongolian nationalism have come from communities which practice agriculture in the Chinese manner, and sometimes speak Mongol badly or not at all, but are inspired by a "nationalism of resentment" because their people have been economically victimized and politically discriminated against by the Chinese—especially Chinese frontier war lords.

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Interacting with the problems created by the division between Outer and Inner Mongolia and by the uneven history and development of Outer and Inner Mongolian nationalism is the awkward fact, which must be causing a great deal of concern to both Russian and Chinese ideologists, that all Mongol nationalism is bitterly anti-Chinese. Inner Mongolian nationalism originated in resistance to Chinese colonization. Outer Mongolia first looked toward czarist Russia in 1911 because of fear of China; and after the Russian Revolution the Soviets had relatively little difficulty in keeping control of Outer Mongolia as a buffer protecting the Siberian frontier for the simple reason that, while many Mongols feared the Russian kind of revolution, even more feared domination and colonization by China—and, for a while, the third possibility of conquest by Japan.

THESE considerations are enough to explain why the Soviet and Chinese governments, although they could be expected on ideological grounds to follow a common or at least a parallel policy toward the Mongols, have moved slowly. They had, moreover, to overcome the disadvantage of a bad start at the end of the war with Japan in 1945. Outer Mongolian troops—not Chinese, either Communist or Nationalist—liberated most of Inner Mongolia from the Japanese. At such a moment the traditional Outer Mongolian attitude of suspecting that there might be a catch in union with Inner Mongolia was mellowed by the feeling of victory. Some of the Outer Mongolian detachments brought with them pamphlets containing propaganda for all-Mongol unity. Some of the military commanders, especially the younger ones, helped to set up local regimes and led the young Inner Mongolian nationalists who held office in these regimes to expect that they would eventually be taken over by Outer Mongolia.

Within a year, however, everything changed, and very abruptly. The Chinese Communists were cutting across Inner Mongolia to get into Manchuria and set up a position against Chiang Kai-shek. Outer Mongolian troops were withdrawn from the area; and though they carried off many young men with them, supposedly for purposes of indoctrination, they abandoned the local regimes they had helped to set up. To all except the handful of Inner Mongolian Communists who were working with the Chinese Communists the explanation seemed obvious: the Russians wanted to avoid the appearance of intervention in China, even indirect intervention through Outer Mongolia, and had therefore ordered that contact be broken off between Outer and Inner Mongolia. The Inner Mongolian nationalists concluded that Outer Mongolia, as a satellite, had to subordinate its policy to Russia's and that in their own country the Mongol interest would be overridden by the Chinese Communists, as in the past it had been overridden by the Kuomintang.

Against this background it is not hard to understand why the development of relations between Communist China and Outer Mongolia has been held up, even since the fall of Chiang Kai-shek. It is not so easy to explain the sudden animation recently reported. Why should there be this new and higher priority on cordial relations between Mongols and Chinese?

IT IS clear that the starting point was the participation of Tsedenbal, Outer Mongolian Premier, in the Russo-Chinese conference at Moscow, and therefore that the steps taken since to increase economic and cultural relations between China and Mongolia are part of the implementation of some important joint decision by China and Russia. This underlying decision was probably an agreement, not yet announced, to build a railway link from Siberia through Mongolia to China. A program of this kind would require careful political preparation. The Mongols are traditionally suspicious of railways, especially those linking them with China, because wherever railways have entered Mongol territory in the past the numerically weak Mongols have been drowned in a flood of Chinese colonization.

Until the defeat of Japan it suited Russian policy to respect this Mongol dislike of railways. Outer Mongolia served as a wide buffer for the Siberian frontier, difficult for a Japanese army to cross. Only one railway penetrated northeastern Outer Mongolia for a short distance, to facilitate the deployment of Russian forces in case of Japanese attack. Since the war, however, a line has been built from the Trans-Siberian to Ulan Batur, and there can be no doubt that it will eventually be pushed south to Kalgan, on the edge of Inner Mongolia, to link up with the North China rail net.

This link between Russia and China will be part of an even more grandiose program. Earlier this year the Chinese announced that they are pushing through a railroad into Kansu and on across Sinkiang, to link up with the Russian rail system in Soviet Central Asia. The blueprint is unmistakable, and it is not too early to ponder the consequences. Russia has now only one line of rail communication with China, through Manchuria. When that is backed by another line through Mongolia, and by a third, still deeper in the heart of the continent, through Central Asia, the whole economic structure of China will be given a right-angled turn away from the coast, the seaports, and international oceanic trade and toward Siberia, Central Asia, and eventual integration into an industrialized Eurasia.

In his National Press Club speech of January, 1950, Secretary of State Acheson declared that Russia is engaged in "detaching" from China and "attaching" to Russia the northern areas of China. "This process," said Mr. Acheson, "is completed in Outer Mongolia. It is nearly completed in Manchuria." He went on to include

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Inner Mongolia and Sinkiang, and to say that "this fact that the Soviet Union is taking the four northern provinces of China is the single most significant, most important fact in the relations of any foreign power with Asia."

Mr. Acheson could hardly have been more wrong, and if American policy should rest complacently on the belief that he was right, there will eventually be another uproar when it is discovered that things have happened in Asia that we have not been told to expect. What Russia and China are actually doing is to attach themselves to each other by rail communication and industrial development in the northern frontier areas. Ideology apart, the consequences of that attachment, in mobility and in factory horse-power, are going to be not less momentous than were those of the great railway-building era that attached the Pacific coast of the United States to the Atlantic coast.

Roads of the Ex-Communists

BY ELIO VITTORINI

Rome

ITALY too has its share of writers who once were Communists or philo-Communists and who are so no longer. There are also some painters, some experts on the theater and the cinema. Some are well known, others not; all of them belong more or less to the same generation—they are men between the ages of thirty-five and forty-three. Their talents are not inferior to those of other illustrious refugees from communism, such as Stephen Spender, the novelist Richard Wright, or the film director Edward Dmytryk. In Italy, however, only the case of Ignazio Silone, politician as well as novelist, can be considered analogous to that of the French, the English, and the American writers and artists who accepted and then repudiated communism.

The difference between Italians and non-Italians was evident even at the moment of joining. For the confessions of the non-Italian Europeans and Americans show that while each individual had his personal reasons, all were obsessed by more or less similar hopes and torments.

The societies of France, Great Britain, and the United States are both capitalist and liberal. In all three, that is to say, the human values of liberalism are combined with the social disadvantages of capitalism, and can even appear to be indivisible. Thus inequality, in particular the feudal relations between capital and labor which still survive in all three countries, can seem to be the necessary condition for liberty; and the gradual conquests of the thousand-year struggle of man against the despotisms of the organizers of capitalism can be regarded as no more than the class conquests of the bourgeoisie in the course of its revolution.

One must add to this conception what remains of the romantic in modern culture—the nostalgia, for example, for the presumed spiritual unity for which every romantic thinker envies the Middle Ages and which Marx unfortunately did not know how to eliminate from his own doctrine; or the idealization of the ability to believe absolutely—to accept, not to doubt, to renounce criticism and inquiry—elements that cater to the need, to which the very young so often find themselves a prey, to believe at whatever cost in something superior to themselves. Then, too, there are the ills common to every reactionary period—the feeling that we are small and helpless in the face of our duties as human beings, that we are bound by our defects and can never "free ourselves" by our own efforts, and the consequent tendency to put ourselves in the hands of some organism which need not humor our whims and can make us, at last, with the incorruptible virtue of a force outside ourselves, honest and good.

One might have expected these aberrations to be typical of the youth who were converted to fascism in Italy. They turn out instead to be operative in the very countries where the habit of exercising civil liberties has been established for generations. It is in such countries as France, Great Britain, and the United States that freedom of speech and the freedom to change residence can be considered insignificant. The human importance of such freedoms is overlooked by those who have not known their lack. It is in Paris or in London that we hear them termed "delusions."

The Communist worker in France, and even more in Great Britain, where he is rare, or in the United States, where he is very scarce, has likewise an anti-liberal bias. He is a worker of whom it can be said that he has inherited philosophy, as Marx intended—but philosophy in the tradition of Nietzsche or Dostoevsky rather than in the great humanistic tradition which lies at the core of the Marxian expression. The writer or artist who clings to communism in France, England, or the United States does so precisely because he sees in the Communist effort—and much more in the effort of the Soviets, of the

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Russian state—the way to resolve, along with social problems, the various spiritual disturbances of our time, which he, in agreement with Nietzsche or Dostoevsky, considers diseases and which he attributes to the evolution of human relationships in the liberal sense.

He believes, that is, that the Communists are working to create a God on earth, able to carry out among men the unifying function once performed by faith in the celestial God of our fathers, and capable also of performing the function of the Provider, which men for thousands of years have fruitlessly demanded of God in heaven. His ideological consent to communism, therefore, could not be more absolute. He wants to collaborate in making God, and the Communist ideology is for him the technique by which human materials can be prepared for their re-fusion into divine elements.

Elio Vittorini

In collaborating, however, he discovers that a man, even the least of men, is potentially greater and more complex than the entire ponderous collective organism which reduces the human being to a screw or a bolt of the new "universal." He then cries out that the God under construction has failed. He also cries out that the ideology which has caused such a disaster must have serious defects and must be reexamined; or that it must have been badly understood and an attempt must be made to understand it better. He has, in effect, done an ideological about-face. Having adhered to communism as an anti-liberal, he parts from it a liberal—unless, of course, he has fallen back upon fascism.

In the case of Italian writers and artists, on the other hand, both the adherence to communism and the alienation from it have occurred without the slightest ideological mutation. (The exception, I repeat, is Ignazio Silone, who was occupied with political interests while still very young and therefore, like every man immersed in politics, was brought around to a more "European" point of view.) None of these men have furnished explanations which would give me authority to make this statement with certainty. But I myself am one of them, even though I have never carried the party card—more through negligence, I must say, than out of caution. I was one of the first to take part in the movement during the war and also one of the first—the year was 1947—to get out; and I think I can assume that my case is more or less typical.

In 1941, when people began to join the movement, Italy had already been under Fascism for nineteen years. "Our" writers and artists were young men between the ages of twenty-five and thirty-three, and the social disadvantages of capitalism seemed to them terribly aggravated by the abolition, absolute in some fields and relative in others, of political and civil liberties. To them capitalism and liberalism were not indivisible. They had the one without the other, and this caused them to suspect that Fascism was aided by everything that could possibly be construed as anti-liberal. The totalitarian reality in which they lived led them to rediscover the individual greatness of man—who is born alone, dies alone, and is not free if he cannot count above all upon a personal liberty of his own, as unique as birth and as unique as death. The freedom to change jobs or to change residence was not "insignificant" to men who were continually forced to request official permits from the bureaucrats of the regime. Freedom of speech was in no sense a "delusion" to men who each day experienced the realization that lack of it is equivalent to lack of the ability to speak at all, because it destroys trust between one man and another.

They abhorred the social injustice of capitalism, but they considered this injustice due to a lack of freedom, a lack which had to be remedied. Their experience of capitalism untempered by liberalism caused them to reason in the same way as the peasants and workers of our south and of semi-feudal regions in general. If you take the trouble to analyze the spontaneous aspirations of these peasants and workers, you will find that, for all practical purposes, they are in favor of a liberalism without capitalism; and just as today the hopes of those peasants and laborers are borne on the stream which turns the wheels of the Communist mill, around 1942, and especially during the Partisan resistance, our writers and artists mistook communism for a new historical trend capable of superseding all other ideological preconceptions and of establishing itself as the continuation of the liberal revolution, according to the new historical exigencies affecting nearly all peoples in nearly all lands.

BY THIS I mean that they joined the Communist movement only on a historical plane, evaluating communism on the basis of the historical role which it played in the struggle against Fascism. On an ideological plane they did not even attempt to express themselves until 1946, 1947, or even as late as 1948. Therefore, any

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delusion on their part concerning communism was not a delusion which produced any ideological change in them but only a delusion which filled them with historical bitterness. They did not think, "Communism is not what we thought it was." Instead, they thought, "Communism has not become what history required that it should become." Having always remained the liberals they were upon joining, they could not but separate themselves from communism as soon as they became convinced that its reality was anti-liberal. To be sure, they have sometimes taken years to convince themselves. The reactionary solutions identified with the name of Zhdanov, the absolutist decisions of the Cominform, the witch trials in the various Balkan capitals, and so on were not determining factors for more than two or three of them. Most of them did not decide to break away until China also locked itself into the cell block of a totalitarian regime and betrayed their hope of seeing it accomplish, through the liberal impetus which existed in the Chinese people, a transformation of communism into an actual movement of liberation.

Now they all find they must admit, explicitly or implicitly, that Communist doctrinairism has already gone so far in its tendency to establish itself as a church that it cannot become the repository for the authentic historical aspirations of mankind. Already communism has become what the Catholic church was in the Middle Ages —a force which makes use of history, which plays up to history, which is part of history, which makes history, but which nevertheless arrests or obstructs the real current of history and therefore of life itself. This real current of history is still the thousand-year-old liberal current into which the class revolution of the bourgeoisie knew in its time how to insert itself. When all is said and done, Communist doctrinairism denies that any such over-all historical movement of liberation exists. And so a fundamental belief only in tyranny and a scorn of all that is spontaneous in man have pushed the Communist Revolution into the main stream of that other general historical movement which is its opposite—the current of reaction.

Does the disparity between these two categories of ex-Communists also make a difference in their present political viewpoints? It is certainly true that after having made a god of communism the non-Italian Europeans and Americans now identify communism with the devil. They have become liberals except in relation to their old object of faith. The Italians, on the other hand, who considered communism within its human limitations while they belonged to it, retain the possibility of considering it within its human limitations now that they have rejected it and of thus remaining liberals even in relation to it. Their position, so to speak, is the same as that of the liberal of centuries ago in relation to Catholicism, which was also anti-liberal.

The Mental Iron Curtain

BY LEO A. LERNER

Chicago

THERE are some who maintain that the 1952 election was "fought and won on transcendent issues of morality." *Time* went so far as to say that "the people did what materialists and cynics say people never do: voted against what they believed to be their immediate economic interests."

No materialist or cynic, I still agree with Samuel Lubell that people usually follow their self-interest when they vote, and I think that is what they thought they were doing this time. The middle class, the upper middle class, and the rich poured out to reduce the power of labor, get their taxes cut, end controls, and end federal competition with any kind of free enterprise. There was no "transcendent morality" in this. It was pure economic self-interest, even if short-sighted.

The "tax revolution" came at this time because there was money to put behind it, and because economic conditions were such that a larger number of people considered themselves in the "upper brackets." Even the women's vote was strongly influenced by a determination to lessen the bite from the family income. On the north side of Chicago the young Republican matrons rang door bells diligently. One of them told me, "We want more take-home pay."

This attitude is a form of economic isolationism which assumes that we can have prosperity, defense, and necessary government without paying for them. The best test of the theory is that Governor Stevenson got a majority in those states where the people have the lowest incomes, pay the least taxes, and still want their government to help them.

Add political isolationism to economic isolationism and you have the "package deal" sold to the American people by the largest political advertising budget in American history.

In 1952 we had an almost perfect combination of 1946 ("We want pork chops") and 1920 ("World go away from our door").

The theme song of the Republican campaign was: "All annoyances and troubles go away and let us alone. Strong Man Ike will take care of whatever comes up that might bother us."

Governor Stevenson, who warned of the stark reality of responsibility for each individual American, could not compete with this mental iron curtain.

LEO A. LERNER is editor and publisher of the Chicago North Side Newspapers. His article is the last of a series by political experts in various parts of the country on what happened in the election.

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Dark Days at the U. N.

BY LEONARD B. BOUDIN

THE tragic death of Abe Feller, U. N. general counsel, and the resignation of Secretary General Trygve Lie have focused attention on the effort of the McCarran committee to rob the United Nations of its autonomy by subjecting the secretariat to a kind of thought control comparable to that already inflicted on employees of the federal government. To be sure, only American members of the secretariat are directly involved, but the intimidation is clearly aimed at the entire staff.

The committee began its recent open hearings on the very day that the U. N. General Assembly convened—as if to underscore the implication that the U. N. and not the staff was the chief object of attack. The importance of this session of the General Assembly can hardly be exaggerated; both friends and critics concede that its accomplishments—or failures—may well determine the future of the U. N.

The McCarran committee declared that it was not attacking the U. N., but the hearings could hardly have been more damaging if their purpose had been to undermine confidence in the organization. Following a pattern made familiar by hearings devoted to trade unions, the New York schools, and the Institute of Pacific Relations, the committee struck at the U. N. under the pretext of "screening" its personnel. Americans in the secretariat were examined as to their political views and associations and asked whether they had been guilty of espionage, subversive activities, or disloyalty. Some of them were asked whether they placed their loyalty to the U. N. above their loyalty to the United States. Those who declined to answer, relying upon the constitutional safeguard of the Fifth Amendment, were discharged by the Secretary General or given leave of absence with pay.

At first many observers were puzzled by the Secretary General's apparent unfamiliarity with the constitutional rights of American members of the secretariat. Then we learned from an item in the New York *Times* of October 29 that his action cloaked a confidential agreement with the State Department to rid the U. N. of Americans who were or who "appeared to be" Communists. The first version of this story, printed in an early edition, contained the statement: "It is said to be an invariable rule that security or loyalty information in regard to individuals held in the files of the various security agencies is never disclosed to foreign nationals. However, an intimation from the State Department that any given individual was of dubious reputation presumably would be enough to place Mr. Lie and his associates on their guard." Previously, in a Note to Correspondents released on October 13, Mr. Lie had stated: "On the very few occasions when I have received clear and convincing information from official United States sources, I have always acted—within the limits of my authority as Secretary General—to discharge the persons concerned. I shall continue to do so, but I shall not act on mere suspicion or smear." "Intimations" are of course not to be confused with "suspicion or smear," but it may not be easy to identify them with "clear and convincing information."

The impropriety of official United States pressure was quite as disturbing as the failure to respect the constitutional rights of American personnel. No nation has a right to select, control, or investigate the personnel of an international body, which must be independent of all member states if it is not to be the creature of some. The McCarran committee was clearly an interloper in this international area. The purpose of a Congressional investigation is to elicit facts so that Congress can legislate intelligently. But Congress has no jurisdiction over U. N. employees, since the Charter requires member nations "to respect the exclusively international character of the Secretary General and the staff." Nor is it the committee's function to investigate possible criminal acts, that being the duty of a grand jury. Yet the effect of the hearings was to threaten U. N. employees with McCarthy smears and McCarran denunciations.

Quite apart from these considerations, the Fifth Amendment was a legal barrier, if not to the committee's inquiry, then to punitive or disciplinary action based solely on the refusal of U. N. employees to bear witness against themselves. The Supreme Court has held that a witness may properly invoke the protection of the Fifth Amendment in a hearing of the type conducted by the McCarran committee. The amendment has its historical origins in the protest against political and religious persecution and in the people's demand for protection from the exercise of arbitrary power. That it has been most frequently invoked in ordinary criminal cases does not alter the fact that it was intended to protect freedom of conscience and belief. Indeed, the Supreme Court has described the origin of the privilege conferred by it as a protest "against the inquisitorial and manifestly unjust methods of interrogating accused persons."

Justice Bradley once said that "any compulsory discov-

LEONARD B. BOUDIN, a member of the New York Bar, contributed The Fifth Amendment: Freedom's Bastion to The Nation *of September 29, 1951.*

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ery by extorting the party's oath" was contrary to the "principles of a free government." If the government has evidence that a crime has been committed, it should institute a criminal prosecution. It may not put a person under oath and extort from him evidence which can then be used to secure his indictment. Anglo-American law employs the accusatorial rather than the inquisitorial procedure. The presumption of innocence would be destroyed under an inquisitorial system. Under our system, charges as such do not call for refutation. Nor is one compelled to aid the government in its prosecution or to supply the evidence on which an indictment may be based. Assertion of the right conferred by the Fifth Amendment does not imply guilt. The Supreme Court has described the right as "a protection to the innocent though a shelter to the guilty, and a safeguard against heedless, unfounded, or tyrannical prosecutions."

Surely an American citizen who becomes an international civil servant does not waive the protection of the Fifth Amendment. To the extent that he remains subject to American legal processes, he is entitled to its benefits. Could such a person be penalized if he asserted his right, under the First Amendment, to freedom of religious worship or his right to counsel in a criminal case under the Sixth? If his private papers were improperly seized, if he was denied a jury trial, could he be penalized for asserting the appropriate constitutional right?

AN AMERICAN Communist today runs the risk of prosecution under the Smith act if he admits membership in the party; a non-Communist may be in jeopardy if he denies it. Any witness subjected to vigorous examination may find himself supplying circumstantial evidence sufficient to bring about his indictment even if he is completely innocent of any wrongdoing. Given the Department of Justice's penchant for conspiracy indictments, particularly those based upon ideas rather than overt acts, even non-Communists run the risk of indictment under the Smith act or of perjury prosecutions based upon "memory contests" concerning events of a decade or more ago. Circumstantial evidence, paid informers, and perjury charges are the historical trinity of political prosecutions and witch hunts. Witness the cruel harassment of Owen Lattimore, the never-ending prosecution of Harry Bridges, and the successive indictments of William Remington. Circumstantial evidence brought about the original indictment of Remington, the issue being whether his various activities permitted the inference of Communist Party membership despite the absence of sufficient direct testimony to that effect. Later he was indicted on the ground that he had perjured himself at his first trial! This process of indictment based on circumstantial evidence, followed by indictment based on alleged perjuries at the trial, could in theory be repeated indefinitely. Nor should it be forgotten that courts and juries will today seize upon the most far-fetched circumstances as evidence of Communist Party membership; in the last Bridges trial, for example, the defendant's advocacy of trade with China was referred to as a sign of guilt.

Indeed, the non-Communist may be in greater danger than the Communist in Congressional inquiries, since a truthful denial of membership can lead to perjury indictments with consequences more serious than those of possible contempt prosecutions. Moreover, all witnesses questioned under these circumstances face a serious moral problem. They cannot rest with a statement of present beliefs and affiliations. Invariably their inquisitors demand that they identify their associates past and present, where they met, and what they said. Often the views of friends, past or present, are only a matter of surmise to the witness; yet the committee insists, if not on positive statements, then on identifications based on "reputation"—"I knew him as" or he was "regarded as."

As in earlier inquisitions, the witness must betray his friends and associates, both those who have retained their "subversive" views and those who have abandoned them —even, sometimes, those who never held them. Naive observers have said that it would be more honorable for a witness to testify concerning his own activities, whatever they were, and then refuse to name associates. It has even been suggested that American judges and juries would not be likely to convict witnesses who took this position. But Frederick Vanderbilt Field, for one, went to jail twice for refusing to name the contributors to a bail-bond fund, although he testified as to the part that he himself had played in raising it. In every political prosecution that we have had, juries have returned verdicts of guilty as consistently as did the juries in the famous English and Scottish treason trials of an earlier day.

It is a sign of the times that an American citizen can be deprived of employment and what amounts to civil-service tenure in an international organization, and effectively blacklisted, because of his assertion of a right guaranteed by the Constitution. What the McCarran committee has done, as the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* noted in a recent editorial, "is to spread an unjustified suspicion of widespread subversion in the U. N., and feed the flames of hatred for what the U. N. stands for. That is the effect, and those who believe in the U. N. will wonder if it is also the purpose." The recent hearings directly imperil the existence of an international civil service of the type on which the structure of the U. N. must rest. "These are dark days for the United Nations," Ralph Bunche said recently, "perhaps the darkest it has ever been through." Those who believe in the high purposes of the organization will therefore watch closely to see if effective forces can be marshaled to protect the U. N.'s sovereignty and American employees' constitutional rights against runaway Congressional committees.

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POEMS BY WALLACE STEVENS

An Old Man Asleep

The two worlds are asleep, are sleeping, now.
A dumb sense possesses them in a kind of solemnity.

The self and the earth—your thoughts, your feelings,
Your beliefs and disbeliefs, your whole peculiar plot;

The redness of your reddish chestnut trees,
The river motion, the drowsy motion of the river R.

The Irish Cliffs of Moher

Who is my father in this world, in this house,
At the spirit's base?

My father's father, his father's father, his—
Shadows like winds

Go back to a parent before thought, before speech,
At the head of the past.

They go to the cliffs of Moher rising out of the mist,
Above the real,

Rising out of present time and place, above
The wet, green grass.

This is not landscape, full of the somnambulations
Of poetry

And the sea. This is my father or, maybe,
It is as he was,

A likeness, one of the race of fathers: earth
And sea and air.

The Plain Sense of Things

After the leaves have fallen, we return
To a plain sense of things. It is as if
We had come to an end of the imagination,
Inanimate in an inert savoir.

It is difficult even to choose the adjective
For this blank cold, this sadness without cause.
The great structure has become a minor house.
No turban walks across the lessened floors.

The greenhouse never so badly needed paint.
The chimney is fifty years old and slants to one side.
A fantastic effort has failed, a repetition
In a repetitiousness of men and flies.

Yet the absence of the imagination had
Itself to be imagined. The great pond,
The plain sense of it, without reflections, leaves,
Mud, water like dirty glass, expressing silence
Of a sort, silence of a rat come out to see,
The great pond and its waste of the lilies, all this
Had to be imagined as an inevitable knowledge,
Required, as a necessity requires.

One of the Inhabitants of the West

Our divinations,
Mechanisms of angelic thought,
The means of prophecy,

Alert us most
At evening's one star
And its pastoral text,

When the establishments
Of wind and light and cloud
Await an arrival,

A reader of the text,
A reader without a body,
Who reads quietly:

"Horrid figures of Medusa,
These accents explicate
The sparkling fall of night
On Europe, to the last Alp,
And the sheeted Atlantic.

These are not banlieus
Lacking men of stone,
In a well-rosed two-light
Of their own.
I am the archangel of evening and praise

This one star's blaze.
Suppose it was a drop of blood . .
So much guilt lies buried
Beneath the innocence
Of autumn days."

Lebensweisheitspielerei

Weaker and weaker, the sunlight falls
In the afternoon. The proud and the strong
Have departed.

Those that are left are the unaccomplished,
The finally human,
Natives of a dwindled sphere.

Their indigence is an indigence
That is an indigence of the light,
A stellar pallor that hangs on the threads.

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Little by little, the poverty
Of autumnal space becomes
A look, a few words spoken.

Each person completely touches us
With what he is and as he is,
In the stale grandeur of annihilation.

The Hermitage at the Center

The leaves on the macadam make a noise—
How soft the grass on which the desired
Reclines in the temperature of heaven—

Like tales that were told the day before yesterday—
Sleek in a natural nakedness,
She attends the tintinnabula—

And the wind sways like a great thing tottering—
Of birds called up by more than the sun,
Birds of more wit, that substitute—

Which suddenly is all dissolved and gone—
Their intelligible twittering
For unintelligible thought.

And yet this end and this beginning are one,
And one last look at the ducks is a look
At lucent children round her in a ring.

The Green Plant

Silence is a shape that has passed.
Otu-bre's lion-roses have turned to paper
And the shadows of the trees
Are like wrecked umbrellas.

The effete vocabulary of summer
No longer says anything.
The brown at the bottom of red
The orange far down in yellow,

Are falsifications from a sun
In a mirror, without heat,
In a constant secondariness,
A turning down toward finality—

Except that a green plant glares, as you look
At the legend of the maroon and olive forest,
Glares, outside of the legend, with the barbarous green
Of the harsh reality of which it is part.

Gogol: the Demon in the Overgrown Garden

BY EDMUND WILSON

THE centenary of Gogol's death, February 21, was celebrated by Russians both here and at home and made the subject of a conference at Columbia, but it has not, so far as I know, brought forth any writing in English except a small book by Janko Lavrin, a professor of Slavonic languages at Nottingham University in England: "Nikolai Gogol: A Centenary Survey" (Sylvan Press, distributed by Macmillan). Professor Lavrin is not much of a critic and not much of a master of English, but in his unpretentious way he has been doing useful work in introducing Russian writers to the English-speaking world, and this book has its value for us because it treats certain phases of Gogol's life more satisfactorily than either D. S. Mirsky in his "History of Russian Literature" or Vladimir Nabokov in his own little book on the subject. Both these writers give a rather blurred picture of Gogol's depressing later years, but Professor Lavrin follows, stage by stage, his subject's agonized attempts to find in religion a force that would lift him to the level of the mission—the mission, as he conceived it, of the great Russian writer—of which he had tormenting glimpses but which he never felt confident of being able to fulfil.

The present writer proposes to make use of Professor Lavrin's book as a pretext for adding his own word to the current commemoration of this very great writer, the least read and understood in English of the five Russian masters of fiction. It should be noted that an excellent edition of Gogol in six small and cheap volumes has recently been published in the Soviet Union, so that most of his work is now more accessible than it had been for many years, during which the pre-Soviet sets were bringing enormous prices. This new edition is not quite complete, for it omits, along with a number of lesser things, almost the whole of Gogol's last published book, "Selected Passages from Correspondence with Friends," in which he expressed his reactionary views, but the volumes are well printed and handy, equipped with adequate notes, and full of curious illustrations from the old editions. (Constance Garnett's six-volume translation is unfortunately out of print, but Mr. Nabokov speaks well of B. G. Guerney's more recent translation of "The Overcoat," "The Inspector General," and "Dead Souls.") The writer has been using this Soviet edition to fill up the gaps in his reading of Gogol and has now been through all his principal works in Russian; so to this extent, at least, he is qualified to write on the subject. It is always rather dangerous for a foreigner who has to work at reading an author to argue about the classics of another country with people who have known them all their lives. (Though Professor Lavrin is a Slovene, he is evidently at home in Russian.) There are sometimes extremely important things about relative rank and quality that the foreigner cannot know, because he has read only scattered works and does not see the whole development of a literature. I have tried to bear in mind, in this connection, a remark that Jean Cocteau once made to me: "Maupassant is a great writer in Russian." Yet the very necessity for the foreigner of paying close attention to every sentence may prevent the story from carrying him along so fast that he fails to notice exactly what is being said and how the

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author is saying it; and to come fresh to an accepted classic with a mature and unprejudiced mind may make it possible for him to see certain things that have been obscured for readers to whom the language is native, by childhood associations or conventional interpretations. One sometimes has this experience with the works of one's own literature—as when one only discovers in later life the beauty and the meaning of some play of Shakespeare's that bored one when one read it at school.

Apropos of the first of these points and before going on to the second, a word about the impression made by Gogol's style on the reader who attacks him with a dictionary. None of the other Russian classics, so far as my experience goes, presents so many obstacles to the foreigner. The paragraphs confront one like solid walls; the sentences seem to go on for pages. The vocabulary is queer and enormous. In Gogol's Ukrainian stories, the Ukrainian dialect is a factor that has to be reckoned with, as one has to reckon with Scottish in Scott, and the glossaries provided by Gogol himself fall far short of being complete—though the new editors have done something to supplement them. Then, Gogol was fond of collecting the vocabularies of special occupations and classes as well as the local dialects, and he liked to invent words. You should not be disheartened when you meet, for example, on the threshold of the brilliant fragment "Rome" the rebarbative word *ishcher,* which is not given in the most comprehensive dictionary, and learn at last from the notes of this new edition that we have only Gogol's assurance that this is an "authentic Russian word" meaning "live coal." If you persist, Gogol's spell will conduct you over all these stumbling blocks; I know of no equally demanding writer who will give you more for your trouble. Gogol rarely produced a sentence that was not interesting from the literary point of view—that is, from the point of view of the special use of language to create impressions—and any one of his far-stretching paragraphs will contain so much poetry and humor, apt phrasing and unexpected imagery, that it makes one's slow-going delightful. It is as if one were steadily consuming a big bowl of Ukrainian soup, full of cabbage and beets and potatoes, chunks of sturgeon and shreds of beef or duck, with a foundation of sour cream—not that I know of any such Russian soup (they usually have fewer ingredients), but then there is no other writer who seems so to have mixed in everything.

Gogol's style is a variety of that viscous prose which—for reasons rather difficult to understand—was so popular in the early nineteenth century. The plum cake of Charles Lamb is a typical example; so, in a different field, is the maddeningly impeded narrative style of a Hawthorne or a Herman Melville. This style allows no rapid progression. A paragraph seems a mere clot of words, which might almost as well be read backward as forward and in which the contrived rhythms have the air of being ends in themselves, since they are always forcing the reader to stop and pay attention to them instead of carrying him along. This style must have been due to some very strong pressures, for it is shared by a relatively careless writer who worked on a big scale, like Balzac; and even by a popular writer, like Scott, who did want to tell a story. The settings of the stage in Balzac, the antiquarian preliminaries of Scott, are often mare's-nests of this littered non-functional style, which combines the facetious with the pompous, clumsily handled actualities with jaunty mythological allusions. Now, Gogol is the master of the mare's-nest. Though he may seem to be merely stirring round and round his thick and nutritious pages, as if they were the strawberry boiled preserve, or the *kasha* to be eaten with currants or honey, or the dough full of hazelnuts and poppy-seeds for one of the fancier forms of the rich polymorphous Ukrainian bread that his country people are always eating, this invariably results in a finished dish, which contributes to a well-arranged dinner. The Russian genius for movement, which is one of the great features of Russian literature—I make no apology in this connection for continually changing the metaphor—never allows Gogol's prose to get really stuck; there is always a drama on foot that you know will not let you down, and in the meantime the rhapsodies, the inventories, the interpolated anecdotes, and the huge, Homeric similes that are whole short stories in themselves are managed with a great sense of rhetoric, so that they do not hold anything up, and they always become in some curious way organic parts of the story. With so much that might be stifling or stagnant, like the life that Gogol depicts, there is always something else that creates suspense—an element of the passionate, the *détraqué,* that may startle us at any moment. In these pages, which in style resemble the tangled forests and the overgrown gardens that are a recurrent motif in Gogol's work, from his earliest goblin tales to Plushkin's estate in "Dead Souls," astounding transformations take place: a devil will suddenly appear at the turn of a paragraph, a treasure will be revealed—though the treasures are mirages arranged by the devils—but, as is not always the case with the Gothic novels or the Hoffmannesque tales from which Gogol derived, these visions have a force of emotion, an intense identity and life of their own, that make even Poe seem cerebral and such fancies of Hawthorne's as the Minister's Black Veil and the Black Sabbath of Young Goodman Brown mere phantoms of woven words.

I AM still speaking of the early Ukrainian stories—"Evenings on a Farm Near Dikanka" and its successor, the "Mirgorod" series—and this brings me to my second point: the chance that a foreign reader may be able to grasp certain things more readily than a native one. I am going to presume to register dissent from some of the accounts of these tales that we have had from Lavrin, Nabokov, and Mirsky. This is the department of Gogol's work that is most taken for granted by Russians. They first read these stories as fairy tales or farces about comic villagers. "It was . . . this kind of stuff," says Nabokov, "the juvenilia of the false humorist Gogol, that teachers in Russian schools crammed down a fellow's throat. . . . After a lapse of perhaps twenty-five years I forced myself to reread the 'Evenings'—and I remained as unmoved as I had been in the days when my teacher could not understand why 'The Terrible Vengeance' did not make my flesh creep or 'Shponka and His Aunt' did not make me rock with laughter." "Taras Bulba," the longest of the Mirgorod stories, is apparently prescribed to Russian children somewhat as "Ivanhoe" is, or was, prescribed to ours—as an exciting historical romance. It celebrates the exploits of the Cossacks at a period, rather vaguely in-

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dicated, in the sixteenth or seventeenth century when they were fighting the Poles and the Tartars. Yet if one comes to these stories after reading "Dead Souls," one sees that they are a good deal closer to Gogol's later work than Mr. Nabokov, for example, is willing to admit. Taras Bulba himself has a good deal in common with the boorish and maniacal landowners encountered by Chichikov in "Dead Souls." In spite of the heroic element, in spite of Gogol's interpolation of passages that imitate the language of the folk ballad or the epic, he cannot help making his Cossack chieftain—who gratuitously starts a war in order to give his two sons a field for exhibiting their prowess, then unhesitatingly shoots down one of them when, infatuated with a Polish princess, the boy has gone over to the Poles, and avenges the death of the other, who has been captured and executed by the enemy, by laying waste the whole of Poland---less a hero than a comic monster. If Pushkin exclaimed over "Dead Souls," "God, how sad Russia is!" he might have said of this earlier epic, "How horrible old Russia was!" And the arrival of Taras in the Warsaw ghetto in which he is to hide for a time launches Gogol on a characteristic but quite non-heroic episode of magnificent comic squalor.

Nor is the household in "The Old-World Landowners," the first of the Mirgorod stories, really so different from the households of "Dead Souls" as one would gather from the descriptions of this story by Mirsky and Lavrin (and Mr. Nabokov quotes Mirsky with approval). The first of these critics says of it that "the vegetable humors of the old pair, their sloth, their gluttony, their selfishness, are idealized and sentimentalized, and pathetic sympathy is the main emotion evoked in the reader." Gogol, says Lavrin, "disgusted by the noise and whirl of a big town," had turned this old man and his wife "into an embodiment of his own idea of peace and of that unruffled pastoral world which he had known in his childhood." The chronicle of their gluttony, he continues, conveys "no implication of moral censure, since the whole of it is but an example of man's 'return to nature,' to the contentment of the vanishing or vanished patriarchal ways," etc. But is it true that this old-world couple are much idealized by Gogol? Does he really approve of their plantlike life? The climax of the story comes when the old lady's cat is lured away by the outlaw cats that live in the woods but creep in through a hole under the barn. The pet comes back to be fed (as the old man is always being fed); then, when her mistress reaches out to stroke her, she escapes to freedom again. The old lady takes this at once as a sign that death has come for her. She feels, no doubt, that the cat has deserted her, but an impression is also created that this life of peace, comfort, and overeating, which is not enough for the cat, is not enough for her either. Yet she cannot slip away like the cat, she can only escape by dying. Over the old man's grief at her death Gogol is certainly eloquent but hardly sentimental; the author makes it plain that his mourning for his wife is also a vegetable affair, that he misses her out of "habit," not "passion." The quickly spent emotions of youth seem childish, the author says, beside this long and slow habituation to another human being on the part of a man "who has never been moved by any

The Heron

The cloud-backed heron will not move:
He stares into the stream.
He stands unfaltering while the gulls
And oyster-catchers scream.
He does not hear, he cannot see
The great white horses of the sea,
But fixes eyes on stillness
Below their flying team.

How long will he remain, how long
Have the gray woods been green?
The sky and the reflected sky,
Their glass he has not seen,
But silent as a speck of sand
Interpreting the sea and land,
His fall pulls down the fabric
Of all that windy scene.

Sailing with clouds and woods behind,
Pausing in leisured flight,
He stepped, alighting on a stone,
Dropped from the stars of night.
He stood there unconcerned with day,
Deaf to the tumult of the bay,
Watching a stone in water,
A fish's hidden light.

Sharp rocks drive back the breaking waves,
Confusing sea with air.
Bundles of spray blown mountain-high
Have left the shingle bare.
A shipwrecked anchor wedged by rocks,
Loosed by the thundering equinox,
Divides the herded waters,
The stallion and his mare.

Yet no distraction breaks the watch
Of that time-killing bird.
He stands unmoving on the stone;
Since dawn he has not stirred.
Calamity about him cries,
But he has fixed his golden eyes
On water's crooked tablet,
On light's reflected word.

VERNON WATKINS

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strong feeling but whose life has simply consisted of sitting in a high chair, eating dried pears and mushrooms, and taking part in amiable conversations." But we do not get the impression that Gogol would be satisfied with such an existence. No: this household, too, is a jungle, a condition stuffed with sensual gratifications that can never be enough for the soul, a way of life in which, sooner or later, things are bound to take a queer turn. A wild impulse, an unearthly summons, may suddenly upset everything. The cats from the forest have crept in like devils. The widower, walking in the orchard, by whose fruit trees with their succulent fruit he, too, has been overgrown, thinks one day that he hears his wife calling him, and this proves to be an omen of his death. Gogol tells us here that sometimes in his childhood he has imagined, on a bright and quiet day, that he heard a voice calling his name and has fled to find some other human being who would relieve him of his sense of desolation. No night of raging storm, he says, in the heart of a pathless forest could have frightened him so much as that terrible silence in the midst of a cloudless day. This is a subtle and disturbing story, of which the *Gemütlichkeit* is not the author's but a part of the subject; yet Marc Slonim, in his recent book "The Epic of Russian Literature," seems to be the only critic in English who has gone even so far as to mention that "under the surface" of it "there lurks Gogol's usual dread of insignificance and triviality."

As for the celebrated "Quarrel of the Two Ivans," as Lavrin abridges the title, it seems to me a typical example of the classic which everybody knows so well—it is invoked by Russians like the "Alice" books—that no one any longer pays attention to it. It is assumed to be a hilariously funny story—though with a famous sigh and shrug at the end—that exploits a ridiculous quarrel between two queer and crotchety old men, one of whom has called the other a goose. Russians refer to it with the ready-made grin that we have for Tom Sawyer painting the fence or old Weller telling the court to spell his name with a "we." Neither from Lavrin's account of this tale nor from that of any other of these critics would one be able to get any idea of what it is really about, for they all make the quarrel appear meaningless. Lavrin does make it clear that the story is fundamentally bitter but tells us only that the issue between the two old cronies is that "Ivan Ivanovich wanted to buy from his friend an old gun the latter would not part with." Actually, the trouble is that Ivan Ivanovich cannot bear the feeling of inferiority inflicted by the sight of his neighbor's maid hanging out on the line a whole wardrobe of old uniforms, old dress clothes, and other signs of his friend's superior rank, and that he begs Ivan Nikophorovich to give him the gun in order to induce the latter to confer on him some sign of equality. The quarrel could never be healed because Ivan Nikophorovich could never refrain, in a crisis, from treating Ivan Ivanovich *de haut en bas,* and Ivan Ivanovich could equally never forgive this. It is a tragedy of provincial snobbery destroying good human relations in a community so dismal and dull that one might think people would try to preserve them—though the point is, of course, that it was inevitable that Ivan I.'s vulgar insistence should incite Ivan N. to insolence and that, for men with nothing to do, a war of spite that involves a class issue may, by stimulating a certain excitement, prove more satisfactory than a peaceful friendship. In any case, the two Ivans, in their humble way, are monsters, too, that lead up to the more formidable monsters to be later encountered in "Dead Souls."

FROM "Dead Souls" all the glory has departed of ancient Ukrainian legend as well as the amusing mythology of Ukrainian peasant lore, and even the gentleness and decency of the comfortable "old-world landowners." We are submerged in the messy and stuffy and smelly and run-to-seed life of landowners who are drunken and quarrelsome, moping and ineffective, brutal and self-assertive or crazily acquisitive or stupidly grasping. After an opening almost Pickwickian, with a man putting up at an inn, this strange book, which never ceases to be humorous, leads us into a domain of horror: another and ranker jungle that is also a stagnant morass. Gogol wallows, like his characters, in the paragraphs of a cluttered, apparently phlegmatic style that has now been brought to perfection; yet this style has a persistent undercurrent of sadness, of disgust, of chagrin; it condemns and it undermines. There is still the same queer suspense that is sometimes disrupted by violence but is never completely relieved. What, we ask ourselves, is meant by this chronicle of Chichikov, the empty soul, who buys up the names of serfs (referred to as "souls" in old Russia) that have died since the last census, in order to pretend he owns them and borrow money on them? Are not the souls of their masters also dead? Are these landowners really devils who appear to Chichikov or is he himself a devil who has come for *them?* Exposed in the district he has been working, he is last seen driving away in his carriage. There is a moment of respite and open horizons—the troika dashing off with its cheerful bells. In this torpid and moldy Russia, something has been set in motion, and Gogol has a moment of exaltation. But where is it going? he asks, and the horizon returns no answer. Nor is he able to escape from this world that is tedious as well as mad; nor has he power to redeem his hero through the Purgatory he plans to succeed this Hell. In the fragments that have come to us of the Second Part, the adventurer Chichikov, though sent to jail, seems to emerge just as much of a scoundrel, and the supposedly virtuous characters are the victims of obsessions like those of the First.

Gogol's life was full of absurdities, and Mr. Nabokov takes advantage of them, rather cruelly, to make his last phase ridiculous. It becomes somewhat more comprehensible in the account of it by Mr. Lavrin. Poor Gogol, who felt it his duty to supply his public with something more positive, to answer himself the question he had sent after the flying troika, now resorted to a sort of sham fanaticism, set up as a preacher and teacher, and published the "Selected Passages from Correspondence with Friends," in which he glorified the Russian landowner as the agent of God on earth and opposed the education of the peasants, who, he said, should not be allowed even to know of the existence of any book but the Bible. But the indignant retorts of his friends, toward whom he had adopted a didactic tone, seem seriously to have shaken his self-confidence. He came to feel that, for all his pretensions, he had not really yet found God. He visited Palestine in the

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hope of a new revelation but could not find Him even there, and he finally came under the influence of a strong-minded Russian priest who, bigoted and ignorant of literature, tried to persuade him to give up writing. Ten days before his death—at the insistence, perhaps, of this priest—he burned up the Second Part of "Dead Souls," on which he had spent years of work, then declared that this had been a mistake, that the Devil had induced him to do it.

The typical situation in Gogol is the sudden falling-out of the bottom of some impressive construction that we have watched being elaborately built. You have, thus, the dissolution of the old-world landowners; the loss of Taras Bulba's sons; the explosion between the two Ivans; the theft of the overcoat in the famous later story; the cataclysmic discoveries, too late, in the plays, of the large-scale imposture of "The Inspector General" and of the confidence game in "The Gamblers," the abject jumping out the window of the fiancé of "Marriage" at the moment when, with infinite difficulty, his betrothal has been achieved; the breakdown of Chichikov's fraudulent traffic just in his hour of triumph when he is fêted as the toast of the town. So Gogol and his great book, at the moment when Turgenev says that all attention in Russia was centered on him and it, unexpectedly collapsed together.

GOGOL presents an unusual case of a frustrating impasse of the spirit, a hopeless neurotic deadlock, combined with a gusto for life, an enormous artistic vitality. So vigorous and so rich is this talent that it must have been difficult for his friends and his readers to foresee that it was doomed to be choked. Lavrin suggests that the trouble may be traced to an Oedipus complex, an explanation suggested so often that it is coming to seem rather suspect. There is, however, no doubt that Gogol's defeat was bound up with his lifelong failure to arrive at any satisfactory sexual life. Fear of marriage is made the comic theme of the story of "Shponka and His Aunt," deliberately left unfinished, and of the rather inferior comedy "Marriage," and Gogol's difficulties in this connection appear in another kind of theme, which he never succeeds in developing: that of the ideal woman, seen briefly and adored from afar—the maidenly *pensionnaire* who makes such an impression on Chichikov; the Italian beauty who gleams in the crowd for the hero of the projected novel on Rome. The magnificent opening of this novel has far more of positive inspiration than anything that has survived from the Second Part of "Dead Souls." Gogol's longing for a feudal world becomes somewhat more sympathetic when it is dramatized in the person of an Italian prince returning from impoverished exile to discover for the first time his native Rome, but at the moment when it at last becomes necessary, after the long, the monumental buildup, to bring the prince into direct relations with the dazzling Annunziata, the story abruptly breaks off. In "Viy," of the Mirgorod series, the traveler and the beauty—both Gogol and his heroes are always traveling—do engage, but with a fatal result, and that this fatal result was inevitable to Gogol's vision of life is shown by the turn that he seems to have given to the folk tale from which he derived the story. This is a version of the vampire legend in which a young man must stand watch for three nights by the body of a dead woman, who at midnight comes to life and attacks him. Gogol says that he has followed the folk tale exactly, but in the versions of this story included in the collection of Afanasiev, the Russian Grimm, the young man is always able to defend himself with the Psalter and the sign of the Cross, and finally defeats the witch; and, from these and from the habits of folk tales in general, we may assume that it is Gogol himself—the solid Ukrainian background, more or less realistically presented, is certainly very much Gogol's —who is responsible for making his student succumb at the third vigil and fall dead with fright when the vampire calls in the reinforcements of Hell (just as, in "Taras Bulba," the young Andréy is destroyed through the irresistible spell that has been cast on him by the Polish princess). It should be noted that the girl is revenging herself. She had fastened herself first on the student in the shape of an old hag, and he had only got rid of her by beating her to death, at which point she had been forced to reveal herself as the typical Gogolian beauty, intimidating and unattainable. In a final ironic scene, the boy's former companions on the walking trip that has had for him this tragic end—back in college now and warming over their cups—are discussing his fate at their ease. Not having had to share his ordeal, they decide that if he had not been yellow, the witch could have done him no harm: "You've only got to cross yourself and spit on her tail, and nothing can happen to you!" But this rite had never worked for Gogol. It was always the Devil who appeared to him, never the Savior he hoped for, and when the feminine apparition toward whom he aspired comes at all close to any of his heroes, she proves to be a devil, too.

It was only to Dostoevsky, in the next generation, that the Christian revelation came. It is one of the striking features of the continuity of Russian literature that Dostoevsky should not only show strongly the literary influence of Gogol but that he should even give somewhat the impression of being haunted by Gogol's devils and even of saving Gogol's soul.

Shaw the Shavian

BERNARD SHAW AND MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL: THEIR CORRESPONDENCE. Edited by Alan Dent. Alfred A. Knopf. $5.

LIKE another great Irish master of English prose Bernard Shaw wrote peculiar love letters to a woman named Stella. In both cases the lady seems to have been more than willing, but it is uncertain that the love affair was ever consummated. The public, nosy as always in such matters, has persisted in asking why, but in neither case is the question likely to be answered to everybody's satisfaction. Swift explained nothing; Shaw has explained too much and too volubly. Strangest of all is the fact that neither of the Stellas behaved like a woman scorned. "Here [wrote Mrs. Campbell] are the dear letters. If I inspired a little of the tenderness of their genius I am proud not vain. . . . People will talk, but nobody will *think* anything but what lovely letters and what a dear man you are." (You may deduct what you like for the fact that she was asking and not getting permission to publish.)

As printed here for the first time and with the editor's assurance that nothing significant has been omitted, the correspondence begins in 1899 when Shaw

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was an unsuccessful playwright and Stella a great star whose interest he was anxious to arouse. It ends in 1939, with Shaw on top of the world and Mrs. Campbell a woman who had outlived her welcome on the English stage. Most of the purple passages come early; much of the later correspondence is an unedifying squabble over the question of what Mrs. Campbell might use in her memoirs. The climax occurs around 1912, when the production of "Pygmalion" was in the works and when Shaw was more nearly ready than he ever was before or after to succumb to the Life Force. Besides the passion, real or feigned, there are some astonishing paragraphs in which Shaw seems genuinely anxious to drop his mask and to confess his secret. One brief fragment—unfinished and unsigned but apparently sent—seems to come as close as he ever came to a cry from that heart he is supposed not to have had. "What was done to me in my childhood was nothing at all of an intentional kind. . . . I did not know that I was different from other people (except for the worse); far from being conceited, I hadn't even common self-respect. I have discovered all my powers from the outside, with incredulous astonishment, or rather I have discovered that everybody else hasn't got them. My shyness and cowardice have been beyond all belief." This is, nevertheless, a collection of love letters, and one cannot help asking what as love letters they mean.

Before assuming any mystery one should be sure that it exists, and there are those who may want to explain this one away. Shaw had recently been married, and married men sometimes have scruples which prevent them from acting upon impulses they recognize quite clearly. Under the circumstances many quite ordinary men have been unable to resist the impulse to play with fire while quite determined not to let it burn them, and though the antics necessarily involved in this procedure are not very dignified they create no mystery. Why should we assume one here? In this correspondence there are enough cryptic passages to make half a dozen different readings possible. Individual letters—though hardly in the context of the whole—might even suggest merely that Stella was holding out for marriage.

But Shaw, the reply is, really was a peculiar man as well as a great one. On the one hand there seems no reason to doubt Hesketh Pearson's report of a conversation in which Shaw told him unequivocally that his marriage had been, from the beginning and by mutual prearrangement, what the Victorians called "in name only." On the other hand, few have ever been able to take at face value his various public pronouncements about that indifference to sex which is inevitable and normal in any man who happens to be endowed with a superior mind and imagination. Obviously he was not an average sensual man, and his conduct can neither be explained nor judged by ordinary standards. Either there was some mystery or he tried to make one. And yet the letters seem clearest when Shaw himself appears to be behaving in all too human ways.

He certainly is not a man taking a strong or consistent line. He is neither keeping an over ardent woman in her place nor frankly inviting her into his arms. Moreover, the ambiguity of the situation seems to be largely of his own making. Many a passage written by this professed puritan is frankly sensual and titillating. He will neither eat his cake nor allow himself or Stella to forget that it might be eaten. He gloats and at moments he all but drools. More often than an admirer likes to admit he lets himself appear in the role of a mere flirt, as the flirt was defined in the best of all definitions—"one who deliberately arouses passions he has no intention of gratifying."

In what is probably the crucial letter—dated November 27, 1912—Shaw resumes the mask, mounts the platform, and actor-like retreats into one of his successful roles. "Oh, all they say is true. I have no heart. . . . Stella! who is Stella? Can't remember; what does it matter? I have articles to write and the preface to finish. . . . I want no Stella; I want my brains, my pen, my platform, my audience, my adversary, my mission." All this and much more like it might of course have come straight from the mouth of John Tanner in "Man and Superman." After the letter which contains it Shaw flirted outrageously again. But the die was cast, and he never again appears without his grease paint. Mrs. Campbell no doubt came as close as anyone ever did to getting a glimpse of the real Shaw. But in the end she was compelled to settle for no more than a few command performances given by the public personage. A quarter of a century later when she sent him one of the early letters he could reply: "How often have I warned you never to give money to a beggar who begs too well! He is a professional. I am amazed at this proof of the unscrupulousness with which I practiced my professional tricks on you. Still, it was very delightful."

These are the extraordinary and peculiar letters of an extraordinary and peculiar man. They reveal human weakness on the one hand, and they contribute on the other some new touches to the portrait of Shaw the Shavian. The mystery—if there is one—is as mysterious as ever, although sexual shyness could explain both his behavior toward Mrs. Campbell and the whole protective doctrine of the thinker and doer with no time for child's play.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

For a World Revolution

THE COMMONWEALTH OF MAN. By Frederick L. Schuman. Alfred A. Knopf. $5.

CITIZENS OF THE WORLD. By Stringfellow Barr. Doubleday and Company. $3.

IN THE cold gray light of election returns, pleas for a sane and generous policy like Schuman's and Barr's seem uneasy and unwanted intruders. We are now committed to averting the next war in the same way as all wars have been averted in the past—by preparing for it. Neither candidate could have taken us out of the morass, which is of our own choosing. Our best hope is to preserve, from day to day, what anxious peace we have; and to use every hour of respite to stir up the latent good sense and goodwill of the people, now drugged with mere business and mere politics. A desperately slow and uncertain process, while we are racing with hunger and revolution. But whether with hope or without, Schuman and Barr point out our plain duty.

Schuman's book is rich and vital. To excess: as the French say, I complain that the bride is too fair. Its five hundred pages are packed with erudition *à la* Spengler, only, I trust, of much better quality. (The *seriousness* of

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Spengler is a point on which Schuman and I do not see eye to eye.) I cannot believe it was indispensable to give us, for good measure, compendious treatises on anthropology and psychoanalysis. In the Discourse on Universal History which fills nearly half the volume many details seem dry because irrelevant. I am grateful for the information that the troops of Hulagu were beaten at Ain Jalut in Syria (September 3, 1260) by the forces of Lotzu, Mameluke Sultan of Egypt; but the definiteness of the statement adds nothing to the argument. As a matter of fact, Schuman's sketch of human evolution simply confirms the old adage: "We can teach history, but history cannot teach us." Each case in the past was at the same time complex and unique. It is impossible to isolate the single cause of repeated failures. No road is closed for ever. Men dreamed of flying from the time they saw birds. Historically their quest was as foolish as that for the world state and the world language.

The temper of Schuman is a fascinating blend of tough realism and prophetic fervor. No dispassionate scholar he! He seldom praises; but how lustily he can curse! Mentioning Rousseau's very sensible suggestions for peace, he must add: "scallywag philosopher of Geneva, libertine, social theorist, and madman." None of these insults would fit Kant, whose ideas were closely modeled on Rousseau's. Anyone who fails to agree with Schuman is treated as a mere Rousseau. I know the prophets were angry men; but so is Westbrook Pegler.

These faults, however, are the excesses of rare qualities. With the main thesis of Schuman, I am in substantial agreement. So long as we worship power, the way to peace is barred: at best, we may hope for years of precarious equilibrium and ruinous armament races. Most dangerous of all is the confusion—not wilful hypocrisy—between professed ideals and the realities of power. The right must wield the sword of the Lord. It simply makes wars more hideous, for self-righteousness breeds fanaticism. No one will commit for sheer interest the crimes that are justified by a holy cause. Naked isolationism would be safer than an imperialistic crusade.

Schuman's remedy is the federal formula. Let the nations retain autonomy but abdicate power, that is, sovereignty. Excellent! But there is no virtue in a mere formula unless it stands for sincere convictions. Our federal Constitution did not prevent the Civil War; and from that time on, our government has been "federal" only in name: the United States *is* (note this singular) a single nation with a wisely decentralized form of administration. Given a favorable atmosphere, the United Nations might grow imperceptibly from a diplomatic congress to a confederacy, and from that to a genuine federation.

A U. N. at the service of an American ideology is of course nothing but an instrument of war. I agree with Schuman that our allies in the free world are satellites: they know it and resent it. No power assuming leadership has so far shown the proper respect for its associates: neither Napoleon, nor Hitler, nor Stalin, nor Truman. Will Eisenhower achieve that miracle?

Stringfellow Barr is not interested in the failures of history: what is history but the graveyard of hope? He looks forward; he offers a dynamic faith with a practical program. For him, the enemy is not Russia as a rival empire, or communism as a threat of world revolution: it is the formidable problem of abject poverty, with its concomitants—hunger, disease, ignorance, smoldering despair. This the Soviets acknowledge, and offer for these ills a crude but impressive remedy; we feel we have done our duty if we defend freedom with the aid of Syngman Rhee, Chiang Kai-shek, and Franco. We have the good-will, the enlightened self-interest, the resources, the know-how to back an International Development Authority, a World T. V. A., in the spirit of UNRRA, the Marshall Plan, and Point 4. For we came very near that grand conception: it has been sabotaged, it must be revived. Only we must be sure that it is not made subservient either to the ideology of capitalism or to the imperialistic policy of the United States (so admirably expressed by Henry Luce: "to exert upon the world the full impact of our influence, for such purposes as we see fit and by such means as we see fit"). It must be international in deed. It may start even with our halting U. N. in apparent control: it will breathe life into the U. N., in ways undreamed of by students of the past. Nor is it necessary to make it conditional upon disarmament, as Senator Wagner proposed. Where is the money to come from? Money is but a sign: the economic realities are natural resources, man-power, organization, technical knowledge, and above all confidence.

This proposal, so wise, so practical in its generosity, reminds me of three forerunners to whom I feel we should pay homage. The first is William James, with his address on the Moral Equivalent for War. The second and most obvious is the strayed leader, the forgotten man, Henry Wallace. The third is Herbert Hoover. Throughout his Memoirs you will find uncoordinated but profoundly sincere pleas for the "world revolution" which Stringfellow Barr and, in his Preface, Justice William O. Douglas are advocating. He too was struck with "the giant sorrows of the world." He too saw hunger as the arch enemy. He had the good-will, and the know-how. He was hampered by his Midwestern isolationism ("We hate Europe") and by his doctrinaire economic liberalism. The pity of it.

There is a solution that neither Schuman nor Barr mentioned. If we opened our gates wide to the disinherited, as we did in the nineteenth century, the present crisis would lose much of its acuity. Instead of a revolution people would dream of, and work for, a passage to America. But we are grimly resolved not to share "the promise of American life." This makes full federalism a very distant goal: we do not want a government that might proclaim "the freedom of all men to move and settle everywhere they please in the world." But it also increases the need for Barr's International Development Authority.

ALBERT GUERARD

The Continental Mind

THE COURSE OF EMPIRE. By Bernard DeVoto. Houghton, Mifflin Company. $6.

TODAY we cross the continent by air between breakfast and dinner, by train in three and a half days, by car, if we step on the gas, in five days. It is hard to realize that so routine a journey covers ground that preoccupied the explorers of four nations for the better part of three centuries. The first transit of North America, the classic journey of Alexander Mackenzie, took place 301 years

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after Columbus's landfall, 259 years after Cartier raised the French flag on the Gaspé Peninsula. And 220 years separated the founding of the first Roanoke colony and the arrival of Lewis and Clark at the mouth of the Columbia.

In our era of supersonic speed, this seems snail's progress. Yet if we drive from Atlantic to Pacific at a pace moderate enough to permit use of the eyes and exercise of the imagination, we can begin to grasp the nature of the obstacles facing the pathfinders. Over much of the route we can, with a slight effort, banish from our consciousness the still puny works of man—the smooth highways, the bridges, the filling stations, and the fences—leaving only nature in the raw—the hummocky sagebrush plains, the great mountain ranges, rising one after another, threaded by tortuous passes, the wide rivers and torrential streams, the alkali deserts. And with eyes thus adjusted, we can dimly appreciate the energy and daring and persistence of those who first forced a way through this wilderness.

Anyone undertaking such a transcontinental journey in time as well as space would be wise to pick Bernard DeVoto as a guide. No other historian can equal him in recreating the sights, sounds, smells, and taste of the virgin West and in interpreting the forces that urged men to conquer it.

The primary theme of DeVoto's trilogy, of which this book is chronologically the first although the last to be published, is "the development of the continental mind." Beginning with the wanderings of Cabeza de Vaca, "The Course of Empire" touches on the efforts of innumerable Spaniards, Frenchmen, Britons, and Americans to solve the mystery of North America and ends with a detailed account of the Lewis and Clark expedition that made good the geopolitical vision of Thomas Jefferson. Hard on the heels of Lewis and Clark came the Rocky Mountain fur traders, whose "business and way of life" DeVoto described exhaustively in "Across the Wide Missouri" (1947). They, in turn, opened the trails for the Western migration, the beginnings of which, simultaneously with the Mexican War that rounded out the continental United States, are the subject of "The Year of Decision, 1846" (1943).

As DeVoto never tires of pointing out, geographical fantasy was both stimulant and impediment to the exploration of North America. The Spaniards were led on, and astray, by their cherished myth of the seven golden cities: Frenchmen, Englishmen, and Americans just as relentlessly searched for a short water route to China. Even when the first faint news of the Rocky Mountain barrier began to seep through to the mapmakers, the idea of an easy connection between the oceans persisted. Thus Jefferson's instructions to Meriwether Lewis showed his belief in an "interlocking" of the headwaters of the Missouri and the Columbia—and, perhaps, the Colorado and Rio Grande also—in such a way that only a short portage would be necessary to link eastern and western river systems.

If Jefferson's geography was hazy at times, no man had a clearer grasp of geopolitical principles. He understood why the possessor of New Orleans must be "our natural and habitual enemy," why the return of that city to French rule would "marry" the United States "to the British fleet and nation." The Louisiana Purchase, as DeVoto says, "welded the implicit significance of the American political experiment to the implicit logic of continental geography."

Napoleon made over Louisiana to the United States on easy terms in order, as he said, to give England "a maritime rival who sooner or later will humble her pride." Nor is this famous real-estate transaction the only reason for American gratitude to the Emperor. If Napoleon had not kept Britain so occupied during the first fifteen years of the nineteenth century, Whitehall might have lent more willing ears to the pleas of Alexander Mackenzie, and Jefferson's plans for a northwestern empire have met more rugged opposition. Perhaps the D. A. R. of Portland, Oregon, should erect a statue to the Little Corporal.

DeVoto's book treats a large subject in a large way. With his usual exuberant energy, the author has physically covered much of the territory he describes: he has ransacked the libraries and checked and cross-checked the evidence which he adduces. But good as his book is, it might have been better had he been more selective. In the heat of the chase after strange and elusive facts, DeVoto sometimes forgets that the his-

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torian's job is hunting for the pot. For example, he has given a good deal of space, after expending much research effort, to the myth of the Welsh Indians. It is a good story but is it strictly relevant?

Again, DeVoto's writing would be benefited by more discipline. True, his prose, to use his own phrase, "is not discolored by the Ph.D. style." On the other hand, it does sometimes become too lush and overweighted with rhetoric.

Despite such minor flaws, "The Course of Empire" is a fascinating work, the value of which is enhanced by many maps, drawn by Erwin Raisz, which combine clarity with aesthetic appeal. With its companion volumes it will form the nucleus of my traveling library next time I head West.

KEITH HUTCHISON

The Elizabethan Stages

SHAKESPEARE AND THE RIVAL TRADITIONS. By Alfred Harbage. The Macmillan Company. $6.

MR. HARBAGE'S new book is a learned, careful, and sometimes witty attempt to prove that the term "the Elizabethan stage" is a misnomer. There were two Elizabethan stages—the great popular drama that flourished in the open-air theaters and the more sophisticated plays that were shown in the private playhouses. It is Mr. Harbage's thesis that Shakespeare's art prospered and grew strong because it was firmly rooted in a sound moral atmosphere and did not have to appeal to the somewhat decadent audiences that supported the private theaters.

He opens with an illuminating account of the huge network of acting companies that had spread over England. A villager could see a dozen plays a year and a townsman nearly twice as many, while a Londoner found an almost continuous series of plays spread out before him. The private theater, on the other hand, tried to attract a small and exclusively urban audience, and Mr. Harbage feels that it cut itself off from the healthy springs of English life.

The greater part of the book is a careful study of the scripts of the period, contrasting the decadence of the private theaters with the sturdy morality of the public stage. The public theaters like the Globe upheld the dignity of man, refused to condone adultery, glorified marriage, and had respect for the government. The private theaters like the Blackfriars ridiculed honor, amused their customers with sexual excesses, jeered at family life, and were skeptical of the value of law and order. Mr. Harbage concludes that this kind of decadence is inevitable when the audience consists of a small coterie rather than the general public, and that one of the faults of present-day writing is a spiritual poverty caused by writing for a somewhat similar coterie audience.

There is much truth in Mr. Harbage's thesis, but in his natural wish to prove his point he has perhaps oversimplified it. For instance, he singles out Ben Jonson as one of the main coterie writers and even goes so far as to suggest that Jonson's own claim to being a moralist was not quite honest. Yet this is to ignore the fact that Jonson's comedies for the Blackfriars were written in obedience to an old and strict tradition. He was trying to make comedy what Cicero had called a "mirror" of life by putting human follies on the stage. He was trying to establish in London the comedy of manners, and what Mr. Harbage calls decadent Jonson would have called realistic. Moreover, it was realism with a purpose, since the Renaissance believed that the most effective way to purge a man of his faults was to show them in heightened form on the stage.

In the case of John Marston, no such defense can be made. There was something sick about Marston's mind, although it is perhaps unfair to blame the audience for a quality that was in Marston himself. As for the third coterie writer that Mr. Harbage singles out, George Chapman, the plays he wrote for the Blackfriars are so much better than the ones he wrote for the public theaters that one can only be grateful for whatever caused the difference. Jonson, Marston, and Chapman once collaborated on a play for the Blackfriars, and according to Mr. Harbage's thesis the result should have been a piece of decadent sensationalism. What they actually produced was that charming comedy "Eastward Ho."

It is undeniably true that Shakespeare benefited as a writer because his art was rooted in the healthy soil of a great popular audience. And yet Barnabe Barnes was working for the same audience when he turned out a piece of sadistic junk like "The Devil's Charter." There are elements in any audience that can degrade a writer if he is willing to be degraded, and Mr. Harbage has put too great an emphasis on a single aspect of what is a very complicated problem.

It is even possible that the final responsibility for the flimsiness and the moral cheapness of so many of the coterie plays rests not with the audience but with the managers. The men who ran the Blackfriars Theater were interested only in making money, and the actors in the company had no control over either the policies or the scripts. The men who ran the Globe Theater were the actors themselves and one of the most responsible and intelligent groups of men in London. Shakespeare was a member of this group, which stood for the highest type of professional theater in contrast to the commercial theater of the Blackfriars management. Ben Jonson disliked and distrusted the Globe audience and said so many times. But he nevertheless brought all his best plays to the Globe management, and it would be pleasant if Mr. Harbage, with his usual careful and scholarly methods, would investigate in his next book the reason.

MARCHETTE CHUTE

The Young Roosevelt

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT: THE APPRENTICESHIP. By Frank Freidel. Little, Brown and Company. $6.

HERE is an important book: the first instalment of a projected six-volume biography of Franklin D. Roosevelt which may well become the definitive Life. Professor Freidel, who teaches history at the University of Illinois, has been working on his monumental study since 1945, and the first volume impressively attests the thoroughness of his research and his complete mastery of great masses of material.

The details are all there—completeness is, after all, the raison d'être of a multi-volume biography. If the vivid character of the man fails to emerge fully, that is a fault inherent in the genre and not in the biographer. Mr. Freidel deals fully, even exhaustively, with Roosevelt's family background, his childhood, his education at Harvard

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and Columbia, his marriage, his two terms as New York state senator, and his period of office as Assistant Secretary of the Navy. The book closes with the Armistice, in Franklin Roosevelt's thirty-seventh year. Up to this point in his life F. D. R. could not be said to have been a remarkable man. His career, as Mr. Freidel demonstrates, although gratifyingly successful, had been derivative—consciously patterned after Theodore Roosevelt. This fact creates the paradox that the task of a biographer of the young Franklin is at once easy and difficult: easy, because it does not call for decisive judgments or daring interpretations; difficult, because of the necessity to sustain interest in an amiable and rather uncomplicated young man. Considering this handicap, Mr. Freidel does brilliantly, illuminating his straightforward narrative with anecdotes and well-chosen excerpts from correspondence. The author's style is, at best, conscientious, but at least it is uncluttered, and while it lacks that flexibility and appearance of ease which are the marks of good writing, it never obstructs or obscures what he wishes to convey.

The chief values of Mr. Freidel's opening volume are the comprehensiveness of his reporting and the objectivity of his evaluations. It is in the nature of his subject that this can be no more than an introductory study; Franklin Roosevelt did not achieve real stature or that complexity which puzzled all who knew him until the crisis of infantile paralysis. Then something happened—something that falls within the province of Mr. Freidel's second volume and that will make far more severe demands on the biographer's insight than anything with which he had to deal in this volume.

Still, it is good to have such a thorough account of those earlier years. It effectively disposes of many myths, both favorable and unfavorable. Franklin Roosevelt failed to obtain his law degree at Columbia Law School not because he was a poor student but because he had passed the New York Bar examination in the spring of his third year and had no interest in completing his courses. His famous leadership of a small band of Democratic state senators in revolt against a Tammany candidate did not result in a crushing defeat for the machine. Tammany's man for the United States Senate, William Sheehan, was forced to withdraw, but James O'Gorman, whom the New York Legislature finally named to the job, was fully acceptable to the city organization. On these and other matters Mr. Freidel sets the record straight. It is pleasant to report that while he clearly likes his man he avoids the hazards of hero-worship. He dwells most expertly on Roosevelt's Assistant Secretaryship of the Navy, and devotes over two hundred pages to F. D. R.'s turn "at T. R.'s desk." Whatever else in Mr. Freidel's enterprise may have to be revised, this job will not need to be done again.

It is possible that later generations may wish to retraverse the ground which Mr. Freidel has traveled with such care, industry, and fairness. But it would seem likely that such future biographers would have to turn to his work, just as all contemporary biographers of Beethoven turn to Thayer's indispensable Life. We can look forward to Volume II of "Franklin D. Roosevelt" with considerable confidence and but few reservations.

PETER GAY

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Maladies of Machinery

INTRODUCTION TO ECONOMIC HISTORY. By G. D. H. Cole. St. Martin's Press. $2.

THE two hundred years between 1750 and 1950 have subjected the world to a variety and a rapidity of change unique in human history. Revolutions in trade, industry, and agriculture have been accompanied by political turmoil, scientific discovery, and destructive war. Intellectual attitudes have fluctuated wildly. The nineteenth century, begun in Malthusian despair, gratefully embraced the evolutionist's hope of progress less than fifty years later. In the twentieth century the fruits of man's triumph over nature began to taste bitter in the mouth, for they had been unmatched by victory over himself.

It is not easy to make sense of the history of these two centuries even in a large volume confined to the economic affairs of Western Europe. Mr. Cole has written a small volume, his terrain is the whole great globe, and his emphases are political and social as well as economic. His success, therefore, is all the more remarkable. For his is an admirable introduction to economic history which never sinks the reader beneath a load of facts and never provides answers where none exist. The common elements of economic development are emphasized, and the character of change is graphically illuminated. People never disappear in favor of events and movements. More than a barely serviceable prose style is required to achieve these results. Mr. Cole's style is lightened by touches of quiet irony and dignified by passages of genuine distinction.

His exposition follows a guiding thread—the rise and spread of industrialism. Mr. Cole's subject, like Adam Smith's, is the wealth of nations. After two striking introductory chapters which contrast modern industrial society with economic organization in 1750, Mr. Cole judiciously recounts the story of the Industrial Revolution's beginnings in England. Although he does not scant the sufferings of early factory workers, many of them women and children, connoisseurs of burning indignation will resent the fairness with which he presents the evidence that the life of the farm laborer was far from idyllic and that real income actually increased in the worst days of labor repression. Since he is here writing part of the history of the Conservative and Liberal parties, his restraint is all the more remarkable. It is as if Senator Taft produced a judicious history of the Democratic Party.

The narrative swiftly passes to the spread of the factory system to France, Germany, and the United States. The basic economic factors which explain high American wages are quickly outlined—an extensive land area rich in natural resources, a large unified market, and a continued labor shortage. They lead the author to analyze American tariff policy in terms familiar to an American reader but unexpectedly sympathetic for a left-wing English Socialist. American tariffs have been high largely because foreign trade has always been peripheral in importance. The internal market has been so large and so rich that American industry developed rapidly and American standards of living rose sharply even though tariffs intervened to make the allocation of resources something less than the ideal beloved of the theoretical economist.

A highly developed machine economy turns readily to economic imperialism. Mr. Cole condemns imperialism's cruel disregard of native cultures and its selfish concentration on narrow economic advantage. At the same time he makes his readers aware that sometimes imperialism raises native standards of living or at least places the tools of increase in native hands, that occasionally imperialism is enlightened, and that the Marxist explanation of imperialism is less than adequate. As Mr. Cole puts it, "Imperialism is a very much older thing than capitalism, and although in the nineteenth century it took on new forms . . . the old lusts for power, the old militaristic impulses affecting whole nations and particularly their ruling classes, did not cease to operate."

It is only, in fact, in his final chapters, largely concerned with Russia, that Mr. Cole demonstrates the odd bias of the *New Statesman and Nation.* Some strange conclusions emerge. Mr. Cole, it seems, apportions the blame for the cold war equally between Russia and the United States. He stigmatizes our conduct of the Korean war in unrestrained language. Is it really true that "American air power in the Korean war has already accomplished, even without the use of atomic weapons, a work of de-

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struction more thorough and more horrible than that of the Second World War"? It would be interesting to know Mr. Cole's sources.

The author leaves us with the familiar dilemmas of our time. The machine which promised to save now threatens massive displacement of labor, high unemployment, and exhaustion of natural resources. More important, man has acquired the power to destroy himself. But even in a peaceful, fully employed world we must wonder whether the discipline of the machine is consonant with the initiative of the democratic elector. Does not the deadly routine of the assembly line dull the intellect and inhibit the power of choice in all spheres? Is the price of plenty loss of capacity for its rational enjoyment? The questions are not the less unsettling because they have been asked before. In all of this Mr. Cole has truly pictured his world, a world in which simple answers are wrong and difficult answers are unacceptable. He leaves this reader depressed about the past and curious about the future. Could a writer of history ask more? ROBERT LEKACHMAN

Portrait of Sinclair Lewis

FROM MAIN STREET TO STOCKHOLM. LETTERS OF SINCLAIR LEWIS, 1919-1930. Edited with an Introduction by Harrison Smith. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $5

BECAUSE of the friendship Sinclair Lewis and Alfred Harcourt formed when the latter was with Henry Holt, Lewis went with him and Donald Brace into the formation in 1919 of Harcourt, Brace and Company. All were risking their necks, Lewis especially: a not conspicuously successful novelist hitherto, he was staking everything on a book he called "Main Street": "which may, perhaps, be the real beginning of my career as a writer." The firm, to judge from these letters, had absolute faith in him from the beginning, gave him everything he needed, stood by him. He paid them back, of course, with the phenomenal success of his great novels of the twenties. For twelve years he was in constant touch—few author-publisher relations have been closer—until in a typical Lewis huff he quit them cold because he thought that in 1931 they had not given the Nobel Prize enough publicity. They had not, for example, broadcast all over the United States "Dr. Karlfeldt's analysis of my work before the huge and distinguished crowd at the formal prize giving, with all the royalty there."

Harrison Smith has put together the office files of this correspondence. It doesn't tell the whole story, because there were unrecorded conversations and lengthy telephone calls. But perhaps it tells the story all the more dramatically, because the crises—like Grace Hegger Lewis's announcement of the break-up or the last fantastic letter to Harcourt—come in like claps of thunder. They are not great letters in any literary sense, but they are an astonishing revelation of that fascinating, exasperating, cantankerous, and deeply lovable figure who was Red Lewis. More than that, they are basic documents for any discussion of the endless problem of the artist in America.

Pages and pages are given to his ideas —some of them utterly ridiculous—for pushing the sale of his works. He was insatiable of advertisement. Other pages repeat those tedious japes—the affected Artemus Ward spellings and adolescent irreverences—which he found funny and could even make his friends laugh at. The letters draw out, excruciatingly, his restlessness, his violent changes of plan and mind, his instability, his consuming insecurity with all its compensations. Yet somehow the reader sees, behind the brash exterior, the man of much too tender sensitiveness who deep in his being wanted to be the comforter of humanity. To read these letters is to learn something of what makes a satirist; it is not unlike—I mean only in terms of an exhibition of motives—reading Swift's "Journal to Stella."

The patience of Alfred Harcourt was immense; your heart bleeds for him as he must read Lewis's snarl that he had failed to bring out a new printing just one week before the Nobel Prize edition is published. Still, it is Lewis who makes the interest, and his publishers figure as members of a supporting cast—as did all who tried, many to their sorrow, to be Lewis's friends. Just what was the charm is difficult to explain, and a fair number, we know, felt nothing of it, beheld only the vanity and the braggadocio.

The letters help us understand, since they do not conceal the difficulties. There is obviously a hypersensitive shrewdness, but from "Main Street" to "Dodsworth" it remains the same shrewdness with which he started, which he must have had as a boy. Hence the eternal repetitions, the same thought uttered the tenth time with all the vehemence of the first. Here is an intelligence preternaturally receptive to the minutiae of existence—and entirely impervious to experience. He junketed all over Europe,

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and never learned enough about a city or a region to stand him in any stead when he came back: every discovery was primordial. At the bottom of it, I think these letters show, was an inviolable innocence.

He learned little; yet he never forgot anything; he could not jettison any luggage, and so ended with an insupportable burden of recollection. I think it indicative that after the break with Harcourt he never wrote anything to compare with the five masterpieces of the twenties. He never did, and thereafter never could, finish the book he was declaiming as early as 1927 would be the best of all, to be entitled "Neighbor" and to deal with the labor movement. And yet he was, as he angrily wrote to the office, "a professional writer who has to earn his living thus." The temptations to which he succumbed, and those he fought against even while succumbing, are those that beset the great professional. He writhed not out of vanity alone to see his works purveyed in reprints at drugstores along with Zane Gray, because this was "trying to sell my books on a lowbrow basis when, actually, they have always sold on just the opposite basis."

Somehow, then, in the midst of the shambles he made of his life, of his human relations, of his own emotions, he steadily held to his intransigent sense of the dignity of the artist—all the more, we are forced to ponder, in spite of the bizarre ways in which he repeatedly chose to manifest it.

PERRY MILLER

The Civil War in Pictures

DIVIDED WE FOUGHT: A PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WAR, 1861-1865. General Editor and Author of Text, David Donald; Picture Editors, Hirst D. Milhollen and Milton Kaplan; Caption Editors, Mr. Milhollen, Mr. Kaplan, and Hulen Stuart. The Macmillan Company. $10.

HERE is one of the finest books on the Civil War to be printed in many a year. It is a pictorial history which has been compiled and edited with rare judgment and artistic taste and equipped with a running text well worth reading on its own account—a text that lets the pictures speak for themselves but also manages unobtrusively to amplify and sharpen the graphic message recorded by the amazing camera men of the 1860's.

What the editors have done, in effect, is to take the 3,800 Civil War photographs that are available in the cumbersome, out-of-print, ten-volume "Photographic History of the Civil War" and to select between 300 and 400 of the best ones. They have added—after a careful study of Northern and Southern collections—some valuable photographs not included in the "Photographic History." They have replaced the old captions, which very often contained glaring errors, with new ones that are succinct and authoritative.

In addition—and in some ways this is the best contribution of all—they have dug up and reprinted the best work of the neglected sketch artists, Alfred and William Waud and Edwin Forbes. Those sketches have never before, to my knowledge, been decently reproduced; usually they are seen only through the wood-engraving process by which *Harper's* and *Leslie's* weeklies originally presented them, and that process simply butchered them.

With proper reproduction those sketches are fully as authentic as the photographs, and they do what the cameras of that day could not do; which is to say that they provide a feeling of movement, of immediate action, of war with the bark on. Some of them are unfinished—penciled sketches, like the one of the Reed's Bridge cavalry skirmish at Chickamauga, only partly inked in. Often enough they were made under fire. There is a wash drawing of Phil Kearny leading his troops into action at Williamsburg which is as good, as moving, and (so to speak) as "modern" as anything that came out of World War II.

But it is the photographs which take up the bulk of the space, and most of them are uncommonly eloquent. These photographs gain precisely as do the line drawings through the great improvements that have been made in the reproduction process during the last forty years. They say more than they do in the old "Photographic History," which was published in 1911. They are clearer and more distinct, and these reproductions abundantly prove that while Brady and the other photographers of that era may have had to work with almost impossibly cumbersome equipment they had nothing whatever to learn from any modern camera man about the business of taking pictures.

Some of the most striking of these photographs are the portraits of the generals. There is long-forgotten General Israel Richardson, for instance; the grim qualities of determination, courage, and leadership which enabled him to break the Confederate line at Bloody Lane, above the Antietam, where he lost his own life, look straight out of his picture. By contrast, the fantastic traits that were embodied in bombastic General Robert Milroy—whose unfortunate troops came to be dubbed "Milroy's weary boys" by the Army of the Potomac—are equally visible. Then there is McClellan, handsome, irresolute, and stuffy, complete in the Napoleonic pose, giving himself away in the photographer's studio—and, for contrast, Grant, slouchy and unbuttoned, leaning against a tree, the rock-hardness of him somehow showing through.

Altogether, this is a job in which editors and publisher can take vast pride, and which will provide sheer delight for the reader. It does in one volume what the "Photographic History" tried to do in ten, and does it a great deal better.

BRUCE CATTON

The Art of Paul Klee

PAUL KLEE. By Carola Giedion-Welcker. Translated by Alexander Gode. Viking Press. $7.50.

IF QUALITY means renewed creative invention whenever a new work is undertaken, then the most outstanding characteristic of Paul Klee is the quantity of quality in his production. So bewildering is his variety that any attempt to give a full view of his work must depend on a generous and skilful selection of examples. On this count Mrs. Giedion-Welcker has admirably succeeded, and the publishers have supported her with excellent reproductions—13 of 164 in color—set in a beautifully designed volume.

The text, however, is more valuable as a compendium than as a revelation. The biographical section is exhaustive, and there is a formidable bibliography, after the fashion of the Museum of Modern Art, whose assistant librarian supplied it. These blessings, along with

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A Personal Letter from I. F. Stone

Dear Friend:

The sudden closing of the Compass was a shock to all of us. Many readers* have written to ask me what my plans are and where they can read my column in the future. I am grateful for those inquiries.

Many of you have already suggested that I start some kind of news letter. I am convinced there is no other way to go on doing the kind of newspaper work I have always done except by striking out on my own.

I am therefore preparing to launch on January 17 I. F. Stone's Weekly, a 4-page letter size (8½ by 11) news letter of politically uninhibited commentary and let-the-chips-fall-where-they-may reporting from Washington and elsewhere.

Emphasis will be on Washington coverage. From week to week I want to provide a vivid record of what the new Republican Administration is doing, to portray its personnel and atmosphere, to supply information and sidelights you cannot obtain elsewhere, and to go on with the kind of campaigns waged in my column for justice and civil liberties.

It was never more important to find some means of keeping alive the voice of protest, to retain some place in which to go on giving aid and comfort to the victims of oppression in our darkening times. The next four years may be decisive for peace abroad and freedom at home. I want to stay in the fight for both.

This letter is the first step in launching the new weekly. Your response will determine whether it is feasible. The subscription price will be $5 a year. I need your help NOW. Please mail me your check for $5 TODAY and get at least one other person (more, if you will) to do the same.

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With many thanks,

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an elaborate citation of Klee's works in their proper sequence, are gratefully acknowledged herewith. Equally welcome is a systematic attempt to relate Klee's paintings to his theories of art, his teaching methods at the Bauhaus, and his writings.

The second half of the text consists of a long essay on Klee's contribution to the enlargement of artistic expression. Anyone who has struggled with this problem knows its pitfalls. Mrs. Giedion-Welcker adopts a policy of topical subdivision. The resulting series of modestly proportioned observations is more an assortment than a sustained synthesis. While the individual works are referred to in considerable detail, the intention seems to have been to group them by categories rather than to cut to the heart of them.

Four years ago Georg Schmidt published ten water colors from the great collection at Basel over which he presides. To accompany the brilliantly successful reproductions he wrote ten little word-pictures. As criticism of Klee these are still unsurpassed.

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The Paradox of Personalism

ECLIPSE OF GOD. By Martin Buber. Harper and Brothers. $2.

MARTIN BUBER is best known for "The Tales of the Hasidim," a collection of wonderful stories and legends about a Jewish mystical sect which flourished in Eastern Europe during parts of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Influenced to some extent by this contact with a rich source of Jewish mysticism, Buber developed a philosophy of religion of which the central point is that religion is not a set of revealed truths, dogmas, or institutional practices but an intimate personal experience, an existential encounter of dialogue between man (as the "I") and God (as the "Thou"). In the words of the present volume, this "engagement of one's person" with another—sometimes achieved in intimate human relations—"finds its highest intensity and transfiguration in religious reality, in which unlimited Being, as absolute person, becomes my partner." This approach to religion is common to what is known as personalism or religious existentialism.

The present work is a defense of religion against various forms of modern thought that are believed to deny or distort the objective validity of the religious experience. It consists primarily of a compilation of critical essays—originally delivered as lectures in this country—most of which deal with special problems selected from the writings of Kierkegaard, Heidegger, Sartre, Jung, Pascal, Kant, and Hermann Cohen. Some of these essays are very interesting, especially the discussion of Kierkegaard's "Fear and Trembling" and two essays of a more general nature; but the book as a whole is strictly a minor work. Its value lies in the detailed criticism of certain theories and ideas, not in the light it throws upon the meaning of the "eclipse of God" in the modern world. To deal with this problem would have required an analysis on a much larger scale, including a careful discussion of the social and historical context in which theories operate, which is completely missing in the present volume.

Professor Buber introduces the notion of the "eclipse of God" in contrast to the well-known thesis by Nietzsche that "God is dead." Buber means to say that God has only suffered an eclipse, analogous to an eclipse of the sun, and that "the eclipse of the light of God is no extinction." He is eclipsed because modern man refuses to commit himself to a personal engagement with God. This refusal, in turn, seems to be due partly to philosophers who have converted the personal experience of God into an abstract concept of thought, partly to psychologists who have reduced the concrete existential encounter with God to purely subjective states of human emotions, partly to the enormous pressure upon modern man to substitute passive, impersonal relationships for the active, living responses between an I and a Thou.

These statements may be true; but I doubt that they go far in explaining the so-called crisis of religion in the modern world. Nor, I am afraid, will they convince the non-believer; and the believer, of course, need not be convinced. This, I think, is a paradox confronting any theoretical defense of religion on the grounds of a mystical, existential experience. Those who have seen the light need not be told; those who have not seen the light cannot be told. Thus it is not only "the light of God" which is obscured or eclipsed—and perhaps always has been. What is *meant* by the "light" is obscure, too, and ultimately incommunicable; or as Buber puts it himself, "every religious utterance is a vain attempt to do justice to the meaning which has been attained." Reflecting upon the history of human culture, one wonders how much zeal and passion, ingenuity and perseverance has been spent on the task of resolving this paradox, to which silence, or poetry, would seem to be the most appropriate response.

HANS MEYERHOFF

Books in Brief

HONEY SEEMS BITTER. By Benedict Kiely. Dutton. $3. This new novel by the talented Irish writer is essentially a love story, despite the fact that it includes a murder, a trial, and other violent action. Mr. Kiely's leisurely, haphazard attitude toward his story gives it a limp and spineless quality, but he writes so much better than the American novelists with whom he might be compared that he is

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worth reading if only to see what a delight the English language can be in the hands of one who did not have to learn about lyrical prose in college seminars or writers' conferences.

YET OTHER WATERS. By James T. Farrell. Vanguard. $3.75. Yet another brick in Mr. Farrell's gloomy edifice, this time concluding the Bernard Carr trilogy with an account of Bernard's temporary infatuation with a nymphomaniac and with the Stalinist literary fronts of the thirties. There are no surprises here, for Bernard returns to his wife and his literary labors, undeterred by the sniping of the Communists or of the literary critics who attack him—justly, one would suspect—for being banal, ponderous, and unimaginative. Yet the book is of value if only as a historical corrective to falsely glamorized recollections of literary politicians and political littérateurs whose era was far more ugly and far less noble than some would be willing to concede even now.

THE ALIEN VISION OF VICTORIAN POETRY. By E. D. H. Johnson. Princeton University Press. $4. This study of the sources of the poetic imagination in Tennyson, Browning, and Arnold illustrates, conclusively, the fact that those three great Victorian masters wrote a great deal of dull stuff which we either never noticed or have happily forgotten. Its thesis, however, is that these poets, whatever concessions they made to Victorian pressures, whatever compromises they achieved, were so rebellious and unhappy about it that they gave themselves acute cases of split personality. This thesis, in sentences that are sometimes quite unwieldy, Professor Johnson substantially proves; his study is not only illuminating but cheering—how comforting to know that the Victorian greats were, if possible, even more lugubrious and worried than we are!

ERIC SLOANE'S WEATHER BOOK. Duell, Sloan and Pearce. $3.75. *WIND, STORM AND RAIN.* By Denning Miller. Coward-McCann. $3.95. Two excellent books for the layman on the why and how of weather. Denning Miller has written the more flowing and well-rounded narrative; Eric Sloane has concentrated on explaining such curiosities of nature as the fact that right banks of rivers tend to be higher than left banks, or that if you face the wind, the nearest storm area will be on your right. Both book can be highly recommended—the Sloane particularly for boys with an interest in science, since it is lavishly illustrated and slightly more popular in style.

THE LIFE AND GOOD TIMES OF WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST. By John Tebbel. Dutton. $4. The founders of newspaper empires tend to be outsized personalities—witness Northcliffe, Beaverbrook, Pulitzer, and Scripps. But Hearst towered above them all in the extent alike of his empire and of his megalomania. This somewhat scrambled biography is arranged not chronologically but by subjects—houses, women, papers, politics, collections, finances, and so on—but manages, nevertheless, to give a comprehensive, judicious, and very interesting picture of a man who spent fifty million dollars on his "art" collections and millions more on women, houses, and politics, and yet left an estate of over two hundred million.

ROYAL BOB. By C. H. Cramer. Bobbs-Merrill. $3.75. Robert G. Ingersoll is remembered today, if at all, for his agnosticism and his flamboyant oratory. Thanks to the latter, he was able to make money out of the former—which was quite a feat for the Victorian Age. In addition he was a power in the ultra-conservative wing of the Republican Party and the defender of Senator Dorsey in the odorous star-route mail frauds. There was a generous amount of the showman and rascal in Ingersoll; nevertheless he undoubtedly helped to widen the horizons of his generation. Dr. Cramer has written a readable biography that smoothly covers the surface but makes little attempt to penetrate beneath.

Films

MANNY FARBER

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old and a new era which shelters an epidemic of wicked ones—gangsters, molls, and fight-arena types—mixed in with Romantic Notions of the good people. For example, Edmund O'Brien is so exuberant in demonstrating the self-sacrificing, hard-hitting traits of a district attorney that he overburdens the screen even when he is just walking through an empty hall; Bill Holden plays a reporter who seldom has to do anything unromantically ordinary like showing up at the newspaper office.

The good quality of the movie comes from its crisp handling of a few action sequences in which the main idea seems to be to make movement as colorful as possible with a vast variety of purely cinematic contrasts. The big scene has a syndicate killer trying to draw a bead on Holden from the catwalks above the boxing stadium. You get the delectable visual contrast of the easy, graceful Holden turning up with a pet underworld spy, a slick, slinky mixture of the Bronx and anyone you have seen holding up the wall outside the neighborhood ginmill. Meanwhile, the stalker moves with the speed and deftness of one who has spent his life playing hide-and-seek with the law. The wonder of his performance is that he does all this delicate, intricate weaving through crowds and over arena chairs in spite of a body that is thick and awkward and a glib conceit that insists on making everything appear nonchalant. Director Dieterle, all the while, swings his camera over setups where the actors are static and talking, pries with his lens into the least-noticed corners of the stadium to evade the cliché shots of boxing situations. He not only produces a tingling entertainment but gives you an encyclopedic knowledge of character types as they build themselves out of the movements of their job of the moment.

The next item on the agenda is a poetic pantomime that is supposed to glow with the fulfilment of childhood desires, but probably because it cost four million dollars, took three years to create, and goes about an hour overboard in length, it takes on a faint glitter of grown-up ambitions. Up from fairyland comes "Peter Pan" replete with crocodiles that have swallowed clocks, children who can fly through the air, pirates who fight Indians, and a Walt Disney treatment that may leave a nauseated smile on your face. Being a veteran anti-Disney leaguer, I expected the extravaganza literally to put me in dreamland, which it did. But before falling asleep, I found that the picture moved rather well, in the pleasant fashion of British domestic comedies. Also, I discovered that Disney, who has always had trouble making a human figure realistic, intermittently tries out a new drawing style and a more hectic type of animation and timing. As usual most of the central figures are coated with a sticky charm. Peter, the boy who wished never to grow up, can be touching and funny at times when the people in charge keep their attention on unorthodox visual effects. But Disney gets so much syrup into the first realistic scenes that the later fairy-tale stretches somehow don't seem quite right. Doll-like Wendy's brothers are done with a sissified touch, and give the feeling that someone has pinned the sign "Kick Me" on the back of each one.

After the picture moves from the chattering nursery of the Darlings, it almost reaches the borderland of laughter with Disney's new way of caricaturing figures. In place of the ovular features and symmetrical rhythms that make Peter and friends so insipid, Disney draws his pirates and crocodiles with an angular, hacking, cutlass stroke, and he puts the frenzy of a Widmark gangster into their personalities. In the best scenes you will see an unbelievably misshapen crocodile working through a beautiful lagoon in weird animation. It is somewhat like a jet-paced hiccuping, and all the while there is an evil pirate trying to escape the animal's jaws and making some of the nicest prickly patterns to be found anywhere in drawing art. All in all, the fantasy runs thin, and as Disney feeds it rich technicolor, sweet songs, and such candy-box items as pixies and mermaids in tiny Maidenform undies, he seems to tell us once more that he is one Hollywood adult who refuses to grow up.

Bad pictures have been piling up to a record thickness that exceeds even that of 1929, the first big year of talkies. One of the most romantic is "The Iron Mistress," a slightly hysterical attempt to clear up conflicting accounts about a large, outwardly peaceable pioneer who left his name on an unliked county and on a favorite weapon of the border. The picture about Jim Bowie's young man-

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hood has a few good individual scenes like a sword-and-dagger fight in total darkness—the screen lights up a couple of times to show the duelists floundering in opposite corners of the room—and reveals the steady hand of producer Henry Blanke in the endless handsome technicolor shots that might serve as landscape paintings but make for a rather stilted adventure film. "The Steel Trap" was bound to be called a "sleeper" by numerous critics, since it is a modest-budget thriller with great stretches of silence, underplayed acting, and a James Cain-type story of young married love up against the husband's desire to embezzle all the currency lying around his bank job. The story is repetitious; so you can forget it and concentrate on the sad plight of Teresa Wright, who once played her quiet, vaporous style without tricks but, cast with actors too tall and overbearing for her, seems to have turned into a straining, obstreperous glamour girl. "Babes in Bagdad," a backroom study of harem love, seems to have been produced during a lunch hour on a single Monogram set by a couple of celluloid butchers.

Ballet

B. H. HAGGIN

THE New York City Ballet presented no new works during the first week of its fall season, and so one merely observed with pleasure how much more beautifully than ever the company was dancing, and as a result how much more beautiful than ever the great Balanchine pieces looked. One noted also how some of these pieces looked with changes in casts. "Concerto Barocco" was the more effective for having Wilde dancing with her sharpness and clarity in front of the corps with LeClercq. "Card Game" had Janet Reed, with a mask that I didn't think good, as the Joker—a tiny Joker darting about with quivering intensity; and I would say the piece gains more from her dead-pan Queen of Hearts (Barnett's striking performance in "Picnic at Tintagel" suggests that he might be an excellent Joker). At a later performance Maule's beautiful technique and style produced a Jack of Hearts which should be made permanent, as should Bliss's King of Hearts, with its solemnity and restraint that are so much more amusing than Tobias's extravagant capering. Also, one of the later "Firebird"s offered a technically and dramatically powerful performance by Hayden. And finally, Bolender was given an opportunity to exhibit his gifts as a comedian, first with LeClercq in "Bourrée Fantasque," then with even more hilarious effect in "A la françaix," in which Jillana too was very amusing.

The second week brought the first of Balanchine's new pieces, "Scotch Symphony," to the scherzo, slow movement, and finale of Mendelssohn's symphony. The long slow movement seems to have provided Balanchine with stimulation for nothing more than a resourcefully spun-out supported adagio in which Tallchief, who used to dazzle one with her spectacular energetic brilliance, takes one's breath away with the unobtrusively achieved perfection and loveliness of a continuous quiet flow of exquisitely contoured movement. But to go with the scherzo and finale Balanchine has produced delightful dances for the corps, and solos which show off Wilde's brilliance, make Tallchief utterly charming, and keep Eglevsky too busy to do any damage (such as he does at his first entrance in "Swan Lake" with a great gesture and smile of greeting to the audience). The setting by Horace Armistead I find less distinguished than the girls' costumes by Karinska and the boys' costumes by David Ffolkes.

Balanchine's other new piece, "Metamorphoses," which was to have been presented the third week, was not ready; but I can speak of one completed section that I saw at rehearsals—the latest in the series of his great supported adagios, one of the odd kind ("Four Temperaments," "Orpheus," "Jones Beach") that he is stimulated to produce by contemporary music (the score is Hindemith's Symphonic Metamorphoses on Themes of Weber), but contrived also for the elegance and distinction, the force of presence and projection, that are LeClercq's.

I might remark at this point that Bolender's tennis player in "A la françaix" and Bliss's King of Hearts in "Card Game" are examples of the performance that not only is good in itself but enables one to see how much less good another performance is. The outstanding example of this the last two years has been Moncion's "Prodigal Son," particularly the last two scenes. Watching Robbins and Laing in these scenes one sees what they were given to do by Balanchine: in the first, for example, the son, left clinging to the upended table, sinks to the ground, pulls himself up again, becomes aware of his nakedness, sees water which he kneels to drink, and after a terrified look back to the place of his despoilment drags himself off the stage. Watching Moncion one sees what he has made of what he was given to do: the single long progression—in which in one action the movement of one part of the body flows into the movement of the rest, and each action flows into the next—with a sustained continuity, tension, and expressive force. This not only is tremendously effective itself, but enables one to see how much less effective the sequence of one separate, jerky action after another in Laing's or Robbins's performance is. And the same is true of what Moncion does with the son's return to the arms of his father.

However, one new detail in that last scene calls for comment. At one point Moncion, on his knees, used to pull himself up on his staff and extend his hand upward beyond it in a gesture of supplication to heaven; now he clenches his fist and shakes it in a gesture of defiance which looks excessive in the context of movement and expresses something that is wrong in the context of meaning of the scene. This is an example of how a dancer, trying to do more (as Moncion seems to be trying throughout "Prodigal Son"), ends up by doing too much (as he does in "Firebird"). And there is another example in the opening scene of "Bourrée Fantasque." In the earliest performances LeClercq, at her first entrance, came down the center of the stage with no change in her blissfully happy expression until her look of pained embarrassment when her partner placed his hands around her waist; in later performances, coming down the center of the stage, she began to exaggerate a slight eccentric movement into a huge stagger with a startled loss and haughty recovery of balance and dignity—a kind of slipping on a banana peel which gets a laugh from the audience but isn't Balanchine's kind of comedy in this scene or any other.

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JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH is the author of "Samuel Johnson," "Henry David Thoreau," and other books.

ALBERT GUERARD, professor emeritus of comparative and general literature at Stanford University, is now lecturing at Brandeis University.

KEITH HUTCHISON, a *Nation* editor, made a tour of the West last summer.

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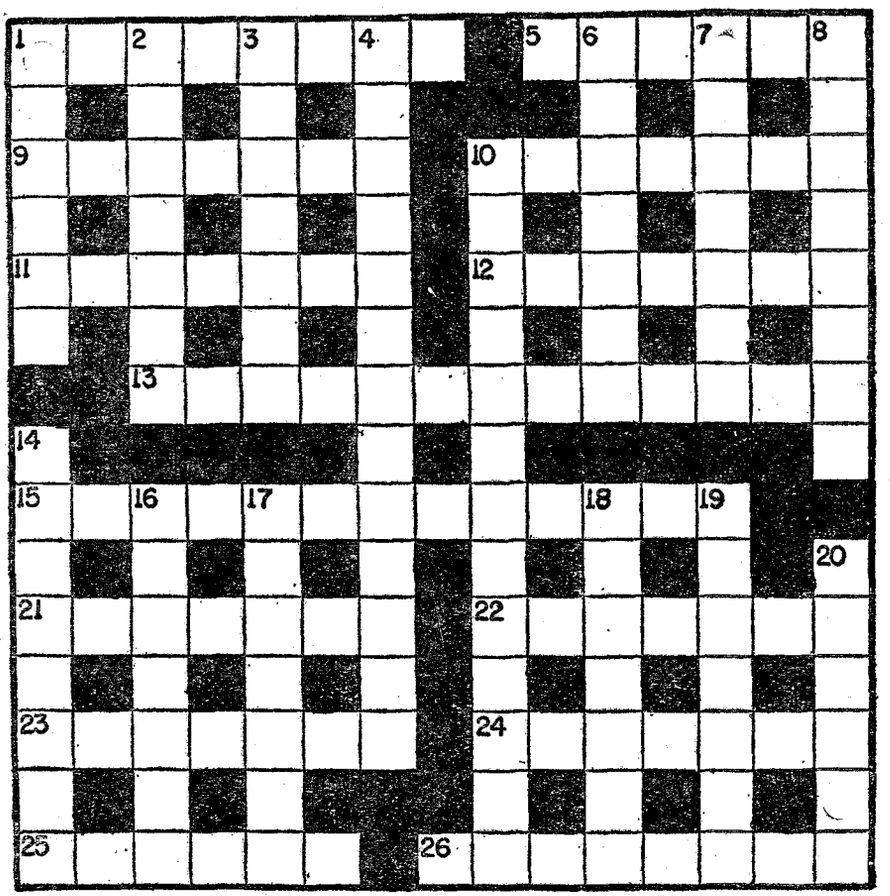
Crossword Puzzle No. 493

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Circled the earth, in a way, and took a mate around. (8)
5 Eugen takes but a single drink. (6)
9 Help to get your weight back? Quite the reverse! (7)
10 Sounds like the last race! (7)
11 To get on backwards it takes skill in 9. (7)
12 File the end of the extra lock. (7)
13 What is bridge good for? Poor partners work at this. (5-8)
15 You'll scarcely feel the blow if protected by one. (7, 6)
21 Miss Gardner? The sort of star that makes incarnations. (7)
22 Their opinions concerning strikes are not universally shared. (7)
23 Hawaiians are such people, but not in a narrow-minded sense. (7)
24 14 might imply this in back. (7)
25 How to fix a fine, perhaps. (6)
26 Checked. (8)

DOWN

1 Simple machines, but the flying kind can't be used by eleven any longer. (6)
2 Implying a possible streteh of sail, etc. (7)
3 If you don't fancy this you might take to a 15. (7)
4 It wasn't exactly Titania he was responsible for. (His scheme was ababbcbcc.) (6, 7)
6 Descriptive of *Moto Perpetuo*? (7)
7 Two of these might prove quite a strain, especially for Gypsies. (7)
8 His belief is extremely revolting. (8)
10 Good luck to Manhattan college! (Untrue, for then, untrue!) (7, 6)
14 Sounds like Cyrus goes to Greece! (8)
16 The framework of Sachs is undergoing reconstruction. (7)
17 A closer sort might give future understanding. (7)
18 The French investigation might make it a trifle warm for you. (3, 4)
19 There seems to be precious little on the menu! (7)
20 One way to get stoned out of town. (6)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 492

ACROSS:—1 STERN CHASE; 6 AFAR; 10 FORBEAR; 11 PROLONG; 12 DEMENTIA; 13 OGIVE; 15 PUTTS; 17 DAYDREAMS; 19 SEA LAWYER; 21 WAGON; 23 RODEO; 24 BASSWOOD; 27 PROSAIC; 28 INTEGER; 29 EVEN; 30 ASSEVERATE.

DOWN:—1 SOFA; 2 EARNEST; 3 NIECE; 4, 20 and 9 HERE TODAY AND GONE TOMORROW; 5 SEPIA; 7 FLORIDA; 8 REGRESSING; 14 APOSTROPHE; 16 SEASONAL; 18 YORKSHIRE; 22 GEORGIA; 24 BUCKS; 25 WITHE; 26 TREE.

Readers are invited to send for a free copy of Mr. Lewis's "ground rules." Address requests to Puzzle Dept., The Nation, 20 Vesey Street, New York 7, New York.

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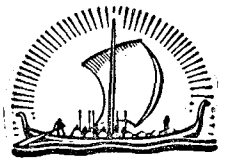

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